METROPOLITAN RECORD.

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Six Little Feet on the Fender.

In my heart there liveth a picture
Of a kitchen rude and old,
Where the fire-place tripped over the rafters,
And reddened the roof's brown mould;
Gilding the steam from the kettle
That hummed on the foot-worn hearth,
Throughout all the livelong evening
Its measures of drowsy mirth.

Because of the three light shadows
That frescoed that rude old room—
Because of the voices echoed
Up 'mid the rafters' gloom—
Because of the feet on the fender,
Six restless, white little feet—
The thoughts of that dear old kitchen
Are to me ever fresh and sweet.

When the first dash on the window
Tells of the coming rain,
Oh! where are the fair young faces
That crowded against the pane?
While bits of firelight stealing
Their dimpled cheeks between,
Went struggling out in the darkness
In shreds of silver sheen.

Two of the feet grew weary,
One dreary, dismal day,
And we tied them with snow-white ribbons,
Leaving them there by the way.
There was fresh clay on the fender,
That weary, wintry night,
For the four little feet had tracked it
From the grave on the bright hill's height.

Oh! why on this darksome evening,
This evening of rain and sleet,
Rest mine all alone on the hearthstone?
Oh! where are those other feet?
Are they treading the pathway of virtue
That will bring us together above?
Or have they made steps that will dampen
A sister's tireless love?

THE TWO CAPTAINS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FOUQUE.

CHAPTER V.

Like a vast trackless sea, without one object to break the dreary monotony of its horizon, ever white and ever desolate, the great desert of Sahara stretches itself before the eyes of the unhappy wanderer who has lost himself in this frightful region. And, in another way, it resembles the ocean—it throws up waves; and often a burning mist is seen on its surface. Not, indeed, the gentle play of the waves which unite all the coasts of the earth; where each wave, as it rolls onward, brings you a message of love from the far island-kingdoms, and carries your answer with it in a love-flowing dance. These waves are only the wild toying of the hot wind with the faithless dust, which always falls back again upon its joyless plain, and never reaches the solid land, where happy men dwell. It is not the lovely cool sea-breeze in which the friendly fays sport themselves, and form their blooming garden and stately grottoes; it is the suffocating vapor rebelliously given back to the glowing sun by the unfruitful sands.

Hither the two captains arrived at the same time, and stood struck with astonishment at the pathless chaos before them. Traces of Zelinda, which were not easily hidden, had hitherto compelled them to travel almost always together, however displeased Frederigo might be, and whatever angry glances he cast upon his unwelcome companion. Each had hoped to overtake Zelinda before she reached the desert, well knowing how almost impossible it would be to find her if she had once entered it. And now they had failed in this, and could obtain no further information from the few Arabs they met, than that there existed a tradition that any one who would travel in a southerly direction, guiding his course by the stars, would, the sages maintained, arrive at a wonderfully blooming oasis, the dwelling of a heavenly beautiful enchantress. But all this appeared to the speakers to be highly uncertain and mysterious.

The young men looked troubled; and their horses snorted and started back at the treacherous sand, while even the riders were uneasy and perplexed. Then they sprang from their saddles suddenly, as at some word of command; and taking the bridles off their horses, and slackening the girths, they turned them loose on the plain, to find their way back to the habitation of man. They took some provision from their saddle-bags, placed it on their shoulders, and, casting from their feet their heavy riding-boots, they plunged, like two courageous swimmers, into the endless waste.

With no other guide than the sun by day, and by night the host of stars, the two captains soon lost sight of one another; for Frederigo had avoided the object of his displeasure; while Heimbert, thinking of nothing but the end of his journey, and firmly relying on God's protection, pursued his course in a due southerly direction.

The night had many times succeeded the day, when, one evening, Heimbert was quite alone on the endless desert, without one fixed object for his eye to rest upon; the light flask he carried was empty; and the evening brought with it, instead of the desired coolness, only suffocating columns of sand; so that the exhausted wanderer was obliged to press his burning face to the scorching plain to escape the death-bringing cloud. Sometimes he thought he heard footsteps near him, and the sound of a wide mantle rustling over him; but when he raised himself with anxious haste, he only saw what he had already too often seen in the daytime—the wild beasts of the wilderness roaming about the desert in undisturbed freedom. Now it was a frightful camel, then a long-necked, ungainly giraffe, or a great ostrich with its wings outspread. They all appeared to scoff at him; and he resolved to open his eyes no more, but rather perish, without allowing these hateful and strange creatures to disturb his soul in the hour of death.

Soon he heard the sound of horse's hoofs and neighing, and saw a shadow on the sand, and heard a man's voice close to him. Half unwilling, he yet could not resist raising himself wearily; when he saw a rider, in an Arab's dress, on a slender Arabian horse. Overcome with joy at the sight of a human being, he exclaimed: "Welcome, O man, in this frightful waste! and succor, if thou canst, thy fellow-man, who must otherwise perish with thirst." And then remembering that the tones of his dear German mother-tongue were not intelligible in this joyless land, he repeated these words in that common language, the *lingua Romana*, which is usually used by Mohammedans and Christians in this part of the world.

The Arab was silent for some time, and looked with scorn upon his strange discovery. At last he replied in the same language: "I was in Barbarossa's fight, sir knight, as well as you; and if our overthrow affected me bitterly, I now find no little satisfaction at seeing one of our conquerors lying so pitifully before me."

"Pitifully!" angrily repeated Heimbert; and his wounded feelings of honor for the moment giving him back all his strength, he seized his sword, and stood in battle order.

"Oh, oh!" laughed the Arab; "is the Christian viper so strong? Then it only remains for me to put spurs to my good steed, and leave you to perish here, thou lost creeping worm,"

"Ride where thou list, dog of a heathen!" retorted Heimbert. Before I accept a crumb from thee I *will* perish, unless the dear God sends me manna in this wilderness."

The Arab spurred his fleet horse, and galloped two hundred paces, laughing loud and long. He stopped, however, and trotting back to Heimbert, said: "Thou art too good a knight to leave to die of hunger and thirst. Have a care, now; my good sabre shall reach thee."

Heimbert, who had again stretched himself in hopeless despair on the burning sand, was quickly roused by these words to his feet, sword in hand; and as the Arab's horse flew past him, with a sudden spring the stout German avoided the blow and parried the cut which the rider aimed at him with his Turkish scimitar.

Repeatedly did the Arab make similar attacks, vainly hoping to give his antagonist the death-blow. At last, overcome by impatience, he came so near, that Heimbert was able to seize him by the girdle and tear him from the fast-galloping horse. With this violent exertion, Heimbert also fell to the ground, but he lay above his adversary; and holding a dagger he had pulled from his girdle before his face, he said: "Wilt thou have mercy or death?"

The Arab closed his eyes before the murderous steel, and answered: "Have pity on me, thou brave warrior! I surrender to thee."

Heimbert commanded him to throw away the sabre he still held in his right hand. He did so; and both combatants rose from the ground, to sink again immediately upon the sand; for the conqueror felt himself far weaker than the conquered.

The Arab's good horse had returned to his master, as is the custom of those noble animals, who never forsake even a fallen lord, and now stood behind them, stretching his long slender neck over them with a friendly look.

"Arab," said Heimbert, with exhausted voice, "take from thy horse what provision thou hast, and place it before me."

The subdued Arab did humbly what was commanded him, now submitting to the will of his conqueror, as he had before treated him with revengeful anger.

After taking some draughts of palm-wine from the skin, Heimbert looked at the youth with new eyes. He partook of some fruits, drank again of the wine, and said: "Have you much farther to ride this night, young man?"

"Yes, indeed," answered the Arab, sorrowfully. "Upon a very distant oasis dwells my aged father and my blooming bride. Now, even if you leave me my freedom, I must perish in the waste desert before I can reach my lovely home."

"Is that the oasis," asked Heimbert, "on which the powerful magic lady, Zelinda, dwells?"

"Allah forbid!" exclaimed the Arab, clasping his hands together. "Zelinda's wondrous Island receives none but magicians, and lies far to the scorching south, while our friendly home stretches towards the cooler west."

"I only asked the question to see if we could be comrades by the way," said Heimbert, kindly. "As that cannot be, we must divide everything, for I would not have so good a soldier perish with hunger and thirst."

Saying this, the young captain began to divide the fruits and wine into two portions, placing the greater at his left hand, the smaller at his right, and desired the Arab to take the former. He listened with astonishment as Heimbert added: "See, good sir, I have either not much further to pursue my journey, or I shall die in this desert; of that I have a strong presentiment. Besides, I cannot carry so much on foot as you can on horseback."

"Knight, victorious knight!" cried the amazed Musselman, "do you give me my horse?"

"It would be a sin and a shame to deprive so noble a rider of such a faithful beast," replied Heimbert, smiling. "Ride on in God's name, and may you safely reach your destination."

He assisted him to mount, and just as the Arab was thanking him, he suddenly exclaimed, "The magic lady!" and putting spurs to his horse, flew over the dusty plain swift as the wind; while Heimbert, on looking round, saw close beside him, in the bright moonlight, a shining figure, which he easily recognized to be Zelinda.

CHAPTER VI.

The lady looked fixedly at the young soldier, and appeared thinking how she should address him, while he, with astonishment at suddenly finding her he had so long sought, was equally at a loss for words. At length she said in Spanish, "Thou wonderful enigma, I have been witness to all that has passed between thee and the Arab, and the affair perplexes my head as a whirlwind. Tell me plainly, that I may know whether thou art a madman or an angel."

"I am neither one or the other, dear lady," answered Heimbert, with his wonted friendliness. "I am only a poor wanderer, who has been obeying one of the commands of his dear Lord Jesus Christ."

"Sit down," said Zelinda, "and relate to me the history of thy lord, who must be an unheard-of person, if he has such servants as thee. The night is cool and still, and beside me thou hast nothing to fear from the dangers of the waste."

"Lady," replied Heimbert, smiling, "I am not of a fearful disposition, and when I am speaking of my blessed Lord and Redeemer, I know not the least anxiety."

So saying, they both sat down on the now cooled sand, and began a wondrous conversation, while the clear moon shone upon them like a magic lamp from the high blue heavens. Heimbert's words, full of love and truth and simplicity, sank like soft sunbeams into Zelinda's heart, driving away the unholy magic power which ruled her, and wrestling with that for possession of the noble territory of her soul. When the morning dawned, she said, "Thou wouldst not be called an angel, but surely thou art one; for what are angels but messengers of the Most High God?"

"In that sense," returned Heimbert, "I am content to be so called. My hope is, to bear His message at all times; and if He bestows further grace and strength upon me, it will give me pleasure if you become my companion in this pious work."

"That is not impossible," said Zelinda, thoughtfully. "But first come with me to my island, where thou shalt be entertained as beseems such an ambassador, far better than here on the desert sand, with miserable palm-wine, which thou must obtain with difficulty."

"Pardon me," said Heimbert; "it is difficult to refuse a lady any request, but it is unavoidable on this occasion. In your island, many glorious things are brought together by forbidden arts, and their forms are changed from those the Almighty One created. These might dazzle my senses, and in the end enslave them. If you wish to hear more of those best and purest things which I can relate to you, you must come out to me on this barren sand. The Arab's dates and palm-wine will suffice for many a day yet."

"You would do much better to come with me," said Zelinda, shaking her head with a dissatisfied smile. "You were surely neither born nor educated for a hermit, and there is nothing upon my oasis so very mysterious as you suppose. What is there so strange in birds, and beasts, and flowers being collected together from different parts of the world, and perhaps a little changed, so that one partakes of the nature of another, as you must have seen

in our Arabian pictures? A moving changing flower, a bird growing on a branch, a fountain emitting fiery sparks, a singing bough—these truly are not such frightful, hateful things?"

"He must avoid temptation who will not be overcome by it," answered Heimbert, very gravely. "I shall remain in the wilderness. Is it your pleasure to visit me here again?"

Zelinda looked down somewhat displeased, then lowly bending her head, she answered, "Yes; to-morrow evening I will be here." She turned away, and immediately disappeared in the rising storm-blast of the desert.

With the return of evening the lovely lady appeared, and watched the night through in holy converse with the inspired youth, leaving him, in the morning, humbler, purer, and more pious; and this went on for several days. "Thy palm-wine and dates must be consumed," said Zelinda, one evening, and placed before Heimbert a flask of rich wine and some costly fruits. He, however, softly put the gifts aside, and answered, "Noble lady, I thank you from my heart, but I fear these have been made by your magic arts; or could you assure me that they are not, by Him whom you are beginning to know?" Zelinda's eyes sank in silent confusion, and she took back her gifts. The next evening she brought some similar provisions, and, smiling confidently, gave the desired assurance. Then Heimbert partook of them without scruple, and henceforth the pupil hospitably provided for the sustenance of her teacher in the wilderness.

And now, as the knowledge of the truth sunk more deeply in Zelinda's soul, so that she often sat till morning listening to the young man with glowing cheeks, flowing hair, sparkling eyes and folded hands, he carefully observed to make her understand that it was on account of his friend that he had sought her in this dreary region, and that it was Frederigo's love for her which was the means of the highest good to her soul. She well remembered the handsome, fearless young captain who had stormed the height and clasped her in his arms, and related to their friend how he had saved her in the burning library. Heimbert had many pleasant things to say of Frederigo; of his knightly deeds, his serious mind, and of his love to Zelinda, which, since the capture of Tunis, would not be hidden within his troubled breast, but betrayed itself in a thousand ways, sleeping or waking, to the young German. The godly truth, and the image of her loving hero, entered Zelinda's heart together, and both took root there. Heimbert's presence, and the almost adoring admiration with which his pupil regarded him, did not disturb this state of mind; for from the first moment, his appearance had something too pure and heavenly to allow of any thoughts of earthly love. When Heimbert was alone, he often smiled to himself, and said in his own beloved German language, "How delightful it is to be able, consciously, to repay Frederigo the service he did me, unconsciously, with his angelic sister!" Then he would sing such lovely German songs of Clara's beauty and pious grace, as sounded strangely pleasant in the wilderness, and beguiled his long and lonely hours.

As once Zelinda came in the evening light, her steps airy and graceful, and carrying a basket of food for Heimbert on her lovely head, he smiled and shook his head, saying, "It is quite incomprehensible to me, lovely maiden, why you continue to come to me in this waste. You cannot find pleasure in magic arts now that the spirit of truth and love dwells within you; and if you changed all things in your oasis into the natural forms which the merciful God gave them, I could go thither with you, and we should have much more time for holy converse."

"Sir knight," answered Zelinda, "you speak truly, and I have thought of doing what you say for many days, but a strange visitor deprives me of the power. The dervish whom you saw in Tunis, is with me; and because in past days we have performed many magic works together, he thinks to usurp his former authority over me now. He perceives the alteration in me, and on that account is the more importunate."

"We must either expel or convert him," said Heimbert, girding on his sword, and taking up his shield from the ground. "Lead me, dear lady, to your wonderful island."

"You avoided it before," answered the astonished damsel, "and it still remains quite unchanged."

"Formerly it would have been only rashness to venture," returned Heimbert. "You came out to me here, which was better for us both. Now, however, the old serpent might destroy in you the work the Lord has done, and it is therefore a knightly duty to go. In God's name, then, to the work." And they hastened together across the darkening plain to the blooming island.

Magic airs began to play about their heads, and bright stars sparkled from the waving boughs beside their path. Heimbert fixed his eyes on the ground, and said, "Go before me, lovely lady, and guide me at once to the place where I shall find the dervish, for I will see as little of these distracting magic forms as is possible."

Zelinda did as he desired; and so, for the moment, each performed the other's part. The maiden was the guide, while Heimbert followed, with a confiding friendliness, in the unknown path.

Branches stooped as if to caress their cheeks; wonderful singing-birds grew from the bushes; golden and green serpents, with little golden crowns, crept on the velvet turf, on which Heimbert steadfastly bent his eyes, and brilliant stones gleamed from the moss. When the serpents touched these jewels, they gave forth a silvery sound. The soldier let the serpents creep, and the precious stones sparkle, without caring for anything save to follow hastily the footsteps of his guide.

"We are at the place," said she, with a suppressed voice; and looking up, he saw a shining grotto of shells, and perceived within a man asleep, clad in a complete suit of gold scale-armour, of the old Numidian fashion.

"Is that also a phantom, in golden scales?" asked Heimbert, smiling.

"Oh, no," answered Zelinda, very gravely, "it is the dervish himself; and I see, from his having clothed himself in that coat of mail, which has been made invulnerable by being dipped in dragon's blood, that he has, by his magic, made himself aware of our intentions."

"What does that signify?" said Heimbert; "he must know them at last." And he began to call with cheerful voice, "Awake, old man! awake! here is an acquaintance of yours, to whom you must speak."

As the dervish opened his great rolling eyes, all the wondrous things in this magic region began to move: the water to dance, the branches to strike one another in wild confusion, and, at the same time, the jewels, and corals, and shells gave forth strange perplexing melodies.

"Roll and turn, thunder and play, as you will," cried Heimbert, looking steadfastly around him, "you shall not turn me from my good purpose; and to overpower all this tumult, God has given me a strong far-sounding soldier's voice." Then he turned to the dervish, saying, "It appears, old man, that you already know what has passed between Zelinda and me. If you do not know the whole matter, I will tell you, in a few words, that already she is as good as a Christian, and the bride of a noble Spanish knight. For your own sake, do not put any hindrance in the way; but it would be far better for you, if you would also become a Christian. Talk to me of this, and command all these devilries to cease; for see, dear sir, our religion speaks of such divine and heavenly things, that one must lay aside all rough and violent passions."

But the dervish, whose hatred glowed towards all Christians, hardly waited to hear the knight's last words before he pressed upon him with a drawn scimitar. Heimbert put aside his thrust, saying, "Take care of yourself, sir: I have heard that your weapons are charmed; but that avails nought before my good sword, which has been consecrated in holy places." The dervish recoiled from the sword wildly, but as wildly sprang to the other side of his adversary, who only caught the deadly cuts with his target. Like a golden scaly dragon, the Mahommedan swung himself around Heimbert, with a ferocity which, with his long flowing white beard, had something ghastly and horrible in it. Heimbert was prepared to oppose him on all sides, only watching carefully for some opening in the scales made by his violent movements. At last it happened as he expected: he saw between the breast and arm the dark garments of the dervish, and there the German made his deadly thrust. The old man cried, "Allah! Allah!" and fell, fearful even in his fall, senseless to the ground.

"Yet I pity him," sighed Heimbert, leaning on his sword, and looking down on his fallen foe; "he fought nobly, and in his death he called upon his Allah, whom he believes to be the true God. We must give him honorable burial." He dug a grave with the broad scimitar of his adversary, laid the corpse in it, covering it with turf, and knelt in silent heartfelt prayer for the soul of the departed.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BREAKING A BUTTERFLY UPON THE WHEEL.—In the republic of Quito, and some other parts of South America, there is a small insect called the *comejen*, whose destructive qualities are so active, that in the space of one night it will penetrate the hardest wood, or any other similar substance. In that short period it has been known to penetrate through and through, a bale of paper containing sixteen reams. The insect builds its nest under the eaves of the houses, of a glutinous clay, similar to that used by the swallows in the fabrication of their nests; but the comejen continues his for several yards in length. The natives sometimes daub their nests with tar, which is sufficient to disperse the whole swarm; for if disturbed, they will divide into different societies, and each will separately search for a convenient place in which to form a settlement.

In the archives of Quito there is a curious royal decree of Carlos III. respecting this insect. A number of cases of gun-flints had been sent to Panama from Spain, for the purpose of being forwarded to Lima; but their non-arrival at that place caused the viceroy to repeat his request to the court for the necessary supply. This gave rise to an investigation—the flints were traced to Panama, and the Governor was ordered to account for them. In his answer to the minister he stated that the comejen had destroyed the cases in the royal magazine. The minister, being ignorant of what the comejen was, an order was issued under the royal seal, commanding the Governor of Panama to apprehend the comejen, to form a summary process on the crimes which he had committed, then to send the prisoner and documents, with the necessary guard, in custody to Spain, that he might be dealt with according to the extent of his criminality.

SIGNS OF HAVING EATEN ENOUGH.—In the present state of civilized society, with the culinary art, and the incentive of high-seasoned food, brandy, wines, the temptations to excess in the indulgences of the table are rather too strong to be resisted by poor human nature. It is not less the duty, however, of the watchmen on the walls to warn the city of its danger, however it may regard the premonition. Let them at least clear their own skirts from the stain of unfaithfulness, whatever may be the result.

There is no subject of dietetic economy about which people err so much as that which relates to *quantity*. The medical profession, too, have been accessory to this error, in giving directions to dyspeptics to eat until a sense of satiety is felt. Now, this feeling, so essential to be rightly understood, never supervenes until the invalid has eaten too much, if he have an appetite, which seldom fails him. Those even who are not otherwise predisposed to the complaint, frequently induce a diseased state of the digestive organs by too free indulgence of the appetite. Of this fact the medical profession are generally not sufficiently aware. Those who lead sedentary lives, and whose circumstances will permit of what is called free living, are particularly obnoxious to these complaints. But, by paying particular attention to their sensations during the ingestion of their meals, these complaints may be avoided. There appears to be a sense of perfect intelligence conveyed from the stomach to the encephalic centre, which, in health, invariably dictates what quantity of aliment (responding to the sense of hunger, and its due satisfaction) is naturally required for the purposes of life, and which, if noticed and properly attended to, would prove the most salutary monitor of health, and effectual preventive of, and restorative from, disease. It is not the sense of *satiety*, for this is beyond the point of *healthful* indulgence, and is nature's earliest indication of an *abuse* and *overburden* of the powers to replenish the system. It occurs immediately previous to this, and may be known by the pleasurable sensation of perfect satisfaction, ease, and quiescence of body and mind. It is when the stomach says *enough*; and is distinguished from satiety by the difference of the sensation—the former feeling *enough*, the latter *too much*. The first is produced by the timely reception into the stomach of the proper aliment, in exact proportion to the requirements of nature, for the perfect digestion of which, a definite quantity of gastric juice is furnished by the proper gastric apparatus. But to effect this most agreeable of all sensations, and conditions—the real Elysian satisfaction of the *reasonable* epicure—timely attention must be paid to the preliminary processes, such as thorough mastication and moderate or slow deglutition. These are indispensable to the due and natural supply of the stomach, at the stated periods of alimentation; for if food be swallowed too fast, and pass into the stomach imperfectly masticated, too much is received in a short time, and in too imperfect a state of preparation, to be disposed of by the gastric juice.

SCENERY IN THE NORTH OF SPAIN.—The wild majesty of mountains and the subduing softness of the luxuriant valleys combine to give beauty to the deep clear rivers. Cliff towers above cliff, and rich pastures cover the lofty hills to their very sumits. Range rises above range till they bound the horizon in the blue and misty distance; yet peering above these we saw at times a bald peak wearing the snow of former winters. It seemed indeed as if winter had retreated there to frown on summer, for when all Spain was smiling in sunshine, we saw the disconfitted tyrant, as if chased from earth, holding himself in a position lofty beyond the companionship of ought but boundless sky. Thunder, more awful and destructive than any ever witnessed in England, bursts out among those mountains. Mighty masses are seen as if torn from the giant hills and tumbled into the valleys. The shepherds and their flocks suffer sometimes dreadfully from the hail, and the peasants on the lower grounds suffer equally from the sudden floods. In no places is summer more lovely and luxuriant than in these valleys, and along the mountain sides corn, vines, pastures and wild flowers, watered by springs and rivulets, rival each other in abundance and beauty.

TEMPERANCE A THING OF OLD DATE.—King Louis IX. (named St. Louis) mixed his wine with water, by measure, according to the strength of it, and what it would bear. "He asked me," says the Lord of Joinville, when at Cyprus, "why I did not mix water with my wine." I answered, what the physicians and surgeons had told me, that "I had a large head and a cold stomach, which would not beart it." But the good king replied, that "they had deceived me, and advised me to add water; for that, if I did not learn to do so when young, and was to attempt it in the decline of life, the gout, and other disorders which I might have in my stomach, would greatly increase; or, perhaps, by drinking pure wine in old age, I should frequently intoxicate myself; and that it was a beastly thing for an honorable man to make himself drunk."

A Tear-drop.

WRITTEN FOR THE RECORD.

See the pale and furrowed cheek, the deep'ning lines of thought,
Which grief, the rival of old age, hath wrought;
The silent tear, with keenest sorrow fraught;—
That trembling drop, how eloquent
Of all a beating heart conceals within it pent!
'Tis grief's purest, holiest sign,
Offered on affection's shrine.
Cold the heart, as winter drear,
That could mock the bitter tear.
Yet 'tis not regret alone
Starts it from its wat'ry throne—
Purer joy can not appear,
Than glistens in a rolling tear.
When the face is fair and bright,
Sundered hearts once more unite,
Vows long-pledged again are made,
Freshening hope well-nigh decayed;
Then behold the dewy light
Sparkling in the joyous sight.
Looks are loving—words are dear—
Neither can suppress a tear.

JAS. CAMPBELL.

COLUMN FOR BOYS.

PIETRO DA CORTONA, THE GREAT TUSCAN PAINTER.

Berettini, commonly called Pietro da Cortona, was born in 1596, at Cortona, in Tuscany. He was a shepherd, and at the age of twelve he one day left the flock which had been entrusted to him, and went off to Florence, where he had an acquaintance of the same age, nearly as poor as himself, and who, like him, had left Cortona to serve in the kitchen of Cardinal Sachetti. A higher aim led Pietro to Florence. He knew there was there an academy of the fine arts and a school of painting, and his hope was to be a painter. Having searched about the town, he found the Cardinal's residence, and waited for an opportunity to speak to his comrade Tommaso, Thomas).

"Is that really you, Pietro? and what has brought you here?"

"I am come to study painting."

"It would be much better for you to learn cooking; you would be sure then not to die of hunger."

"You have as much to eat as you like, then?" asked Pietro.

"I have, indeed," said the scullion, "as much as I can eat."

"In that case," said Peter, "I see we shall understand one another. As you have too much, and I have nothing, I will bring you my hunger. You shall give me some of your provisions, and we shall both do very well."

"It is a bargain," said Thomas.

"Let us begin at once," replied Pietro, "for you must know I have not had any dinner, so there is no time to be lost."

Thomas bade him follow him, and hid him in the garret where he slept, offered him half of his bed, and told him to wait there, assuring him he would not fail to bring him some dinner.

Thomas kept his word, and the repast was really a cheerful one. When little Peter had finished, Thomas began—

"Now that you are comfortably lodged and fed, nothing remains but for you to see how you are to set to work."

"As all draughtsmen and painters do, with paper and pencil."

"But," objected Thomas, "have you any money to buy pencils and paper?"

"Is it I? I have nothing at all; but I said to myself, as I came along, Thomas, being a scullion in a respectable kitchen, cannot be in want of money, and so if you are rich, it is just the same thing; the money might be as well in your pocket as in mine."

Thomas scratched his head, and replied, "that as having plenty of broken meat, there was sufficient of that, but as to wages, he could not demand them, not having finished his time."

There was no help for it. Pietro must wait. The walls of the garret were white; Thomas supplied the future artist with more coal than he could use, and Pietro boldly set to work, covering the walls with sketches. Some liberality on the part of a guest, having extended even to the scullion, Tommaso became one day owner of a few pence, which he bore triumphantly to his comrade. Ah, what joy! Now Pietro had both paper and pencils. He set off at break of day and went to study the pictures in the churches, the public monuments, and the landscapes in the environs of Florence, returning in the evening with an empty stomach, but a mind well stored with all he had seen. He cautiously re-entered his garret, where his dinner awaited him, concealed by Tommaso's kind foresight.

The first coal sketches were covered with more correct ones on the paper purchased through Tommaso's generosity, for Pietro delighted to adorn with what he considered his own master-pieces the narrow garret which was to him a safe asylum, due to Tommaso's friendship.

One day Cardinal Sachetti, who was about to repair his residence, came to inspect the upper stories, with the architect, and thus they entered the scullion's garret, where it is probable he had scarce ever set his foot. Pietro was not there, but the numerous sketches bore ample testimony to the labor and industry of the inmate. Both the Cardinal and architect were struck with the boldness of the sketches. It was naturally supposed that Tommaso was the artist, and his Eminence sent for him, in order to compliment him on his talent. When poor Tommaso heard that the Cardinal had been in the garret, and had seen what he called the daubing of his friend Pietro, he thought he was lost, and obeyed the summons in consternation.

"You shall no longer be a scullion," said the Cardinal to him, little suspecting that the child had a boarder.

Tommaso mistook the Cardinal's meaning, and imagined that he was going to dismiss him; and the poor fellow, aware that this blow would be as cruel to Pietro as to himself, threw himself at his master's feet, weeping and exclaiming, "Oh, what will become of my friend Pietro, if you turn me away?"

The Cardinal asked an explanation, and learned that these sketches were the work of a poor shepherd boy, whom Tommaso had secretly housed for two years.

"Bring him to me, on his return this evening," said the Cardinal, still smiling at Tommaso's mistake, and granting his pardon. But that evening the artist did not appear at the Cardinal's, then two days, a week, a fortnight elapsed, and yet no Pietro appeared. At length the Cardinal, who had become greatly interested in our young artist, learned about a fortnight previously, the monks of a poor convent had allowed a stranger lad about fifteen years old, who had gone to ask their permission to copy a picture of Raphael's which hung in the convent chapel. It was our Pietro, who was brought back to the Cardinal's house and most kindly received, and placed by him in the school of one of the best Roman painters. Through Cardinal Sachetti's interest he was employed on a saloon of the Barberini Palace, and his success there gave him a place amongst the first artists of his day. He was engaged to work in the Vatican, and in most of the principal churches of Rome. Having gained much celebrity in the metropolis, he left it for Lombardy, and visited Venice. Florence, too, has some of his works, amidst her collections, chiefly pictures of virtuous and heroic actions of ancient times. On one occasion, while in the Pitti Palace, and while the Grand Duke Ferdinand was leaning over him as he painted, and admiring the figure of a child weeping, he suddenly said, "shall I show your Highness how quickly children pass from tears to smiles?" With one or two strokes of his brush he gave the face of the child a laughing air; and then again restored it to its former state. He then returned to Rome, and was employed as an architect, and numberless were the designs he gave for churches, palaces, and monuments.

Engravings of most of his works have been executed by the best makers, and many painters of celebrity proceeded from his school.

About fifty years from the day of Pietro's first visit to Tommaso's garret, two old men were living together as brothers, in one of the handsomest private residences of Florence. Of one it was said, "There goes the greatest painter of our age," of the other, "There goes the model of friends of the age."

MICE IN GERMANY.—A plague peculiar to the dry districts along the Rhine is found in the mice, which, in a fine season, swarm in such myriads, that whole fields are devastated where no energetic means are adopted for destroying them. It is true that the winter frosts and spring floods cleanse the fields, to all appearances, thoroughly of this nuisance; yet, if the month of May be fine, they appear in August with undiminished force. In various villages the remedies attempted are different. Sometimes a reward in money is offered per one hundred skins, and the youthful population is encouraged to exert its skill and passion for the chase on the modern hydra. All such efforts prove, however, ineffectual to keep down the numbers of the general foe, whose paths across a corn-field are nearly as broad as those trodden by single foot-passengers, while the hoard abstracted from his crop is estimated by the farmer from the number of straws nibbled off at a short distance from the ground, the ears from which have disappeared within the subterranean labyrinths that often repay the labor of digging up. In the neighborhood of Julich a mode of smoking out the mice has been introduced from Belgium. An iron pan, two feet high, has at bottom a grating supported by a pin. On the grating some charcoal is laid, and the pan, when filled with rags, leather and sulphur, is fastened with an airtight cover, which has a small tube, into which a small hose, connected with a bellows, is inserted. The pan is held by an upper and a side handle. The night before it is used the field is surveyed, and all open mouse-holes are trodden close. In the morning, such as are re-opened indicate those which are tenanted, and one being selected, the lower part of the pan is pressed against it, and the bellows being set to work, the smoke issues from the orifice near the grating, and penetrates into the runs and galleries that connect the holes. A number of assistants are required to tread the crevices close through which the smoke is seen to escape; and if all due precautions be taken, great numbers of these diminutive enemies mar be slaughtered, and at the same time buried in their subterranean holes.

SLIGHT CIRCUMSTANCES.—Sir Walter Scott, walking one day along the banks of the Yarrow, where Mungo Park was born, saw the traveller throwing stones into the water, and anxiously watching the bubbles that succeeded. Scott inquired the object of his occupation. "I was thinking," answered Park, "how often I had thus tried to sound the rivers in Africa, by calculating how long a time had elapsed before the bubbles rose to the surface." It was a slight circumstance, but the traveller's safety frequently depended upon it. In a watch, the mainspring forms a small portion of the works, but it impels and governs the whole. So it is in the machinery of human life—a slight circumstance is permitted by the Divine Ruler to derange or to alter it; a giant falls by a pebble; a girl at the door of an inn changes the fortune of an empire. If the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter, said Pascal in his epigrammatic and brilliant manner, the condition of the world would have been different. The Mohammedans have a tradition, that when their prophet concealed himself in Mount Shur, his pursuers were deceived by a spider's web, which covered the mouth of the cave. Luther might have been a lawyer, had his friend and companion escaped the thunder storm at Erfurt; Scotland had wanted her stern reformer if the appeal of the preacher had not startled him in the chapel of St. Andrew's castle; and if Mr. Greaville had not carried, in 1746, his memorable resolution as to the expediency of charging "certain stamp duties" on the plantations in America, the western world might still have bowed to the British sceptre. Cowley might never have been a poet if he had not found the Faery Queen in his mother's parlor; Opie might have perished in mute obscurity if he had not looked over the shoulder of his young companion, Mark Oates, while he was drawing a butterfly; Giotto, one of the early Florentine painters, might have continued a rude shepherd boy if a sheep drawn by him upon a stone had not attracted the notice of Cmiabue as he went that way.

THE DRAGON.—The flying dragon—a creature the very name of which conveys to the mass of mankind the idea of some formidable monster, and recalls to the imagination the wild fictions of romance and poetry—belongs to the reptile class. It is nothing more than a variety of lizard, with a body about four inches in length, a very long switch tail, a deep pouch hanging down from its throat, numerous small teeth, and membranous expansions from its sides, like wings. These wings, which are its great peculiarity, are portions of skin, supported on the ribs, which are prolonged laterally, on purpose, in a very remarkable manner. This creature, if amplified by a fervid imagination into a great beast, might indeed, be regarded as formidable; but, as it stands, it is a perfectly harmless little being, the only use of whose wings is to enable it to pass, as with the aid of a parachute, from branch to branch, in the chase of prey or the evasion of enemies. Had the dragon slain, after much valor and stratagem, by Deodate de Gozon, been of no greater power than this, that hero would have little merited the epitaph engraved on his tomb, "*Extinctor Draconis.*" The imagination must have been far stretched to convert this creature into a being such as the Pythian dragon, the guardian of the Delphic oracle; or that, the guardian of the golden apples, killed by Hercules at the gate of the Hesperides—and yet this is the original, the miniature prototype of all these imaginary monsters. A comparison of the skeletons of the turtle and dragon affords a striking ground for admiring the greatness of the conception which modelled the same parts—viz, the ribs, in two beings of the same class so differently, in adaptation to their respective circumstances of life, so as to make both serve equally the same necessary purpose—the protection of the individual—purposes, too, it may be observed, totally foreign to the natural functions of ribs.

A DOATING HUSBAND.—One day a sturdy peasant in the environs of Evreux was at work in the fields amid the storm and rain, and went home in the evening thoroughly tired and drenched to the skin. He was met at the door by his loving wife, who had been at home all day. "My dear," she said, "it has been raining so hard that I could not fetch water, and so I have not been able to make you any soup. But now, as you are wet through, I shall be obliged to you to fetch me a couple of buckets of water; you will not get any wetter." The argument was striking; so the good man took the buckets and fetched some water from the well, which was at a considerable distance. On reaching the house, he found his wife comfortably seated by the fire; then, lifting one bucket after the other, he poured both over his kind and considerate partner. "Now, wife," said he, "you are quite as wet as I am, so you may as well fetch water for yourself; you can't get any wetter."

THE BITER BITTEN.—A man in the dress of a workman was lately walking in the streets of Berlin with a packet in his hand, sealed with five seals, and inscribed with an address and a note that it contained one hundred thalers in treasury bills. As the bearer appeared to be somewhat at a loss, he was accosted by a passenger, who asked him what he was looking for. The simple countryman placed the packet in the inquirer's hands, and requested that he would read the address. The reply was made as with an agreeable surprise: "Why! this letter is for me; I have been expecting it for a long while!" The messenger upon this demanded ten thalers for the carriage of the packet, which was readily paid, with a liberal addition to the porter. The new possessor of the packet hastened to an obscure corner to examine his prize, but, on breaking the seals, found nothing but a few sheets of blank paper, on which was written "Done."

POLISH HONEY.—Poland is perhaps the greatest honey-producing country in Europe. In the provinces of Podolia, Ukraine, and Volhynia in particular, the cultivation of the honey-bee has long formed an object of national importance; and in these bee-gardens are not only very numerous and extensive, but they are also common in other parts of the kingdom. There are cottages in Poland with very small portions of land attached to them, on which are to be seen as many as fifty hives; while there are farmers and landed proprietors who are in possession of from 100 to 10,000 hives! There are some farmers who collect annually more than two hundred barrels of fine honey, each barrel weighing from 400 to 500 lbs., exclusive of the wax. A tenant is often in this way enabled to pay his rent and taxes, to defray other domestic expenses, and often to accumulate handsome dowries for his daughters.

ACADEMY OF MOUNT ST. VINCENT, FONT HILL.—The studies will be resumed at the above institution next Monday, the 5th instant. The Commencement and annual distribution of premiums, which was dispensed with at the usual time, will take place on Thursday, the 8th inst.

We would inform our friends in this city and vicinity that Mr. J. McLoghlin has been appointed one of the canvassers of the RECORD, and that he is authorized to solicit and receive subscriptions for this paper.

Our Cottage Home.

BY P. C. DEVLIN.

[Written for THE METROPOLITAN RECORD.]

Do you remember our cottage home?
Does thy fancy e'er in sadness,
O'er the stormy past, to that calm spot roam—
The scene of our childish gladness?

O, blest be the memory of those dear days,
When no envious cloud hung o'er us;
When the wide world's cold and cheerless ways
Were still far, far before us.

You remember the old we met there, and those
With whom on life's course we started?
What joy, when we met, in our bosoms rose—
What sadness when we parted.

Alas, that chain—did we ever think
That its links were made to sever?
Ah, no! and yet many and many a link
In that chain is snapped for ever.

Cold, cold is the hand then in fervor wrung;
Dim the eye such thought expressing;
And mute as the turf, the gentle tongue
That breathed the farewell blessing.

THRILLING ADVENTURES IN WESTERN LIFE.

BRADY, THE AMERICAN BORDERER.

In an account given by a tourist of his journey, in May 1835, to the Falls of Cuyahoga, near Lake Erie, and published in Silliman's Journal of Science, we find the following particulars of Samuel Brady, a noted American borderer who flourished about sixty years ago:

"Brady was over six feet in height, with light blue eyes, fair skin, and dark hair; he was remarkably straight, an athletic, bold, and vigorous backwoodsman, inured to all the toils and hardships of a frontier life, and had become very obnoxious to the Indians, from his numerous successful attacks on their war parties, and from shooting them in his hunting excursions whenever they crossed his path or came within reach of his rifle; for he was personally engaged in more hazardous contests with the savages than any other man west of the mountains, excepting Daniel Boone. He was, in fact, 'an Indian hater,' as many of the early borderers were. This class of men appear to have been more numerous in this region than in any other portion of the frontiers, and this doubtless arose from the slaughter at Braddock's defeat, and the numerous attacks on defenceless families that for many years followed that disaster. Brady was also a very successful trapper and hunter, and took more beavers than any of the Indians themselves. In one of his adventurous trapping excursions to the waters of the Beaver river, or Mahoning, which in early days so abounded with the animals of this species that it took its name from this fact, it so happened that the Indians surprised him in his camp and took him prisoner. To have shot or tomahawked him on the spot would have been but a small gratification to that of satiating their revenge by burning him at a slow fire in presence of all the Indians of their village. He was, therefore, taken alive to their encampment on the west bank of the Beaver river, about a mile and a half from its mouth. After the usual exultations and rejoicings at the capture of a noted enemy, and causing him to run the gauntlet, a fire was prepared, near which Brady was placed after being stripped naked, and with his arms unbound. Previously to tying him to the stake a large circle was formed around him, consisting of Indian men, women, and children, dancing and yelling, and uttering all manner of threats and abuse that their small knowledge of the English language could afford. The prisoner looked on these preparations for death, and on his savage foes, with a firm countenance and a steady eye, meeting all their threats with a truly savage fortitude. In the midst of their dancing and rejoicing, a squaw of one of their chiefs came near him with a child in her arms. Quick as thought, and with intuitive prescience, he snatched it from her and threw it into the midst of the flames. Horror-struck at the sudden outrage, the Indians simultaneously rushed to rescue the infant from the fire. In the midst of this confusion Brady darted from the circle, overturning all that came in his way, and rushed into the adjacent thickets with the Indians yelling at his heels. He ascended the steep side of a hill amidst a shower of bullets, and darting down the opposite declivity, secreted himself in the deep ravines and laurel thickets that abound for several miles to the west of it. His knowledge of the country and wonderful activity enabled him to elude his enemies, and reach the settlements on the south of the Ohio river, which he crossed by swimming. The hill near whose base this adventure is said to have happened still goes by his name; and the incident is often referred to by the traveller, as the coach is slowly dragged up its side.

Brady's residence was on Chartier's Creek, on the south side of the Ohio, and being a man of Herculean strength, activity, and courage, he was generally selected as the leader of the hardy borderers in all their incursions into the Indian territory north of the river. About the year 1780 a large party of warriors from the falls of the Cuyahoga and the adjacent county, had made an inroad on the south side of the Ohio river in the lower part of what is now Washington county, then known as the settlement of 'Catfish Camp,' after an old Indian of that name who lived there when the whites first came into the country on the Monongahela river. This party had murdered several families, and with the 'plunder' had re-crossed the Ohio before effectual pursuit could be made. By Brady a party was directly summoned of his chosen followers, who hastened on after them; but the Indians having started one or two days earlier he could not overtake them in time to arrest their return to their villages. Near the spot where the town of Ravenna now stands the Indians separated into two parties, one of which went to the north, and the other west, to the falls of the Cuyahoga. Brady's men also divided; a part pursued the northern trail, and a part went with their commander to the Indian village lying on the river in the present township of Northampton, in Portage county. Although Brady made his approaches with the utmost caution, the Indians, expecting a pursuit, were on the look-out, and ready to receive him, with numbers fourfold to those of Brady's party, whose only safety was in a hasty retreat, which, from the ardor of the pursuit, soon became a perfect flight. Brady directed his men to separate and each one to take care of himself; but the Indians knowing Brady, and having a most inveterate hatred and dread of him, from the numerous chastisements which he had inflicted upon them, left all the others, and with united strength pursued him alone.

The Cuyahoga here makes a wide bend to the south, including a large tract of several miles of surface, in the form of a peninsula, within this tract the pursuit was hotly contested. The Indians, by extending their line to the right and left, forced him on to the bank of the stream. Having in peaceable times often hunted over this ground with the Indians, and knowing every turn of the Cuyahoga as familiarly as the villager knows the streets of his own hamlet, Brady directed his course to the river, at a spot where the whole stream is compressed by the rocky cliffs into a narrow channel of only twenty-two feet across the top of the chasm, although it is considerably wider beneath, near the water, and in height more than twice that number of feet above the current. Through this pass the water rushes like a race-horse, chafing and roaring at the confinement of its current by the rocky channel, while a short distance above, the stream is at least fifty yards wide. As he approached the chasm, Brady, knowing that life or death was in the effort, concentrated his mighty powers and leaped the stream at a single bound. It so happened that on the opposite cliff the leap was favored by a low place, into which he dropped, and grasping the bushes he thus helped himself to ascend to the top of the cliff. The Indians for a few moments were lost in wonder and admiration, and before they had recovered their recollection he was half way up the side of the opposite hill, but still within reach of their rifles. They could easily have shot him at any moment before, but being bent on taking him alive for torture, and to glut their long-delayed revenge, they forbore the use of their rifles, but now seeing him likely to escape, they all fired upon him; one bullet wounded him severely in the hip, but not so badly as to prevent his progress.

The Indians having to make a considerable circuit before they could cross the stream, Brady advanced a good distance ahead. His limb was growing stiff from the wound, and as the Indians gained on him, he made for the pond which now bears his name, and plunging in swam under water a considerable distance, and came up under the trunk of a large oak which had fallen into the pond. This, although leaving only a small breathing place to support life, still completely sheltered him from their sight. The Indians, tracing him by the blood to the water, made diligent search all round the pond, but finding no signs of his exit, finally came to the conclusion that he had sunk and was drowned. As they were at one time standing on the very tree beneath which he was concealed, Brady, understanding their language, was very glad to hear the result of their deliberations, and after they had gone, weary, lame and hungry, he made good his retreat to his own home. His followers also all returned in safety. The chasm across which he leaped is in sight of the bridge where we crossed the Cuyahoga, and is known in all that region by the name of Brady's Leap.

A NEW DISH.—The German newspapers of a recent date give an account of a grand supper which took place on the 17th of November last at Kœnigbade, near Stuttgard. The company consisted of more than 150 persons, belonging to the town and its environs, who were of all conditions of life. The fare included rice-soup, salt meat, and the grand novelty of the evening, which was *horse-flesh* dressed a la mode. All the guests agreed that the last-named dish was tender and agreeable to the palate, and that they could scarcely distinguish it from beef. Those who possessed less than the usual prejudice against horse-flesh began to imbibe the a la mode vigorously, and declared it was delicious, thus encouraging the more squeamish to make the experiment, which they soon did; many of them insisting upon being helped twice. The party unanimously resolved to have another repast of the same nature as soon as the necessary arrangements could be made. We doubt if the example of these courageous epicures will be very extensively followed, not so much from a difficulty of overcoming the popular aversion to horse-flesh as from the expensiveness of the article, for horses cost much more than bulls and cows. Again the flesh of animals constantly laboring during their lifetime is always tough; hence we are led to infer, that the horse, off which the Kœnigbade folks fed, must have been either a very young or very idle animal.

SONG BIRDS TAMED BY NATURAL MAGIC.—Now, let me show you the power of natural magic when practiced at the breakfast-table. It is here you will find that you possess the key to your bird's heart. Invite him regularly as your guest, and bid him heartily welcome. "Dicky" must be, shall be, one of our "Happy Family." So place him on the table every morning. Let us imagine—the morning sacrifice duly paid, and all comfortably seated around the well-spread table, with smiling faces—that we are about to take our grand lesson in bird-taming. Open the door or doors of your little friend's dwelling. Let him see he is invited to be "free." Have ready on the table-cloth some little delicacy in which he delights, such as a sprig of ripe groundsel or flowery chickweed, a wee morsel of egg, or a bit of sponge cake—above all, his bath. His little majesty will note all that you are doing, and readily resolve in his active mind the meaning of everything he beholds. If he has long been neglected and treated with indifference, he may not, p[erhaps], realise on the first morning all [you] expect from him. Such a thing as t[hat] would be unnatural. He will most pro[bably] alight on the edge of the open do[or], look out, survey all that is going forwa[rd] and return to his old quarters. The r[est] of the day he will devote to thinking m[at]ters over. That birds do think I am qu[ite] prepared to "prove." Next morning ag[ain] invite your pet or pets, again open th[e] doors, again spread before them so[me] tempting luxury. Mark the result; a[nd] let it be decisive evidence that birds ha[ve] very retentive memories, as well as t[he] derly affectionate hearts. Lookin[g] archly, your little friends will now, p[er]haps, leisurely descend from their se[at] hop along the table, help themselves [to] some tit-bit, and stare you boldly—ay, sa[u]cily—in the face. They will then she[w] their "consequence" by coquettishly a[p]proaching close to your tea-cup; and m[ay] be, with extended wing, give you battl[e]. A week will accomplish all this, and ver[y] much more.

GRIMALDI AND HIS WIFE—A CASE OF POISONING.—I cannot refrain from telling [a] story, which I know to be true, of the ol[d]est Grimaldi, the first of the race. Gr[i]maldi and his wife were occasionally in th[e] habit of quarrelling. At length their feud assumed a very serious aspect; and afte[r] communing together upon their most mis[er]able state of "incompatibility of temper," they resolved to destroy themselves, as th[e] only means of relieving themselves fro[m] their most miserable condition. In accord[ance] with this most extraordinary resolu[tion], Mr. Grimaldi proceeded to an apothe[cary's] shop in the neighborhood, and aske[d] for an ounce of arsenic "to poison de rats. The "culler of simples" obsequiously bowed, and delivered to the devoted Grimaldi the dose that he trusted would eman[ci]pate him from all worldly ills. Firm to their purpose, the illustrious Punch and Judy swallowed in tumblers of water, each a moiety of the deadly "drink," and then embracing, retired, one to their hymeneal bed in the bedroom, and the other to a sofa in the sitting-room—both rooms communicating—the door between them being left open. The pair of suicides lay down, tears filling their eyes; a long and solemn pause ensued—no sound of groans, no sigh of anguish was heard—all was still as night. At last, wearied out with expectation, Grimaldi raised his head from the pillow, and in the deepest possible tone of voice cried out, "Mrs. Grimaldi, are *you* dead, my love?" Upon which Mrs. Grimaldi, in the highest possible squeak, replied, "No, Mr. Grimaldi." The rejoinder sounded something like "Dom;" what it meant, the imagination of the delicate reader may supply. At the end of another half hour, it became Mrs. Grimaldi's turn to be anxious as to the success of the potion, and she, hearing nothing in the next room, raised herself in the bed, and said in her squeak, "Mr. Grimaldi, my dear, are *you* dead?" "No, my dear," said Grimaldi, "I am not; nor do I think I can die to-night, unless it be of starvation, Mrs. Grimaldi; get up out of de bed and see for some supper, for I am very hungry." So ended this fatal performance, the apothecary, who had heard of the repeated bickerings of Punch and Judy in their *menage*, having prudentially given him a small parcel of magnesia, which the unhappy pair had divided between them.

THE NORMAN APPLE.—The apple-tree of Normany is an ornament to the country in spring, summer and autumn; its fruit fills storehouse, cellar and kitchen; it feeds man and beast, and finally serves for manure—in short, it is all in all to the inhabitants. The apples which are not consumed as such or exported, are pressed and yield cider, the wine of the province. Such as are not fit for cider, serve for making brandy or vinegar. The pomace, or pulp, from which the juice has been pressed, supplies fodder for cattle; mixed with vegetable mould it forms a capital manure for poor land; and in districts where wood is scarce, this substance is dried and used in the following year for fuel. Thus it is easy to account for the affection of the Norman for the tree of his country.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FANTASTIC CONCEPTIONS.—The recently broached idea, that certain notes in music bear some way analogous to certain colours, is not new. Such fancies were entertained towards of forty years ago, and most likely even not for the first time. At the end of the last century, Castel, an ingenious French clergyman, invented an instrument, resembling a piano-forte, for arranging colours. He supposed that the seven prismatic colours corresponded exactly to the seven notes of music. Accordingly, he composed a gamut after the following fashion: C was represented by blue; C sharp by sky-blue; D by sea-green; D sharp, olive-green; E, yellow; F, pale yellow; F sharp, orange; G, red; G sharp, crimson; A, purple; A sharp, violet purple; B, dark blue. The octaves of each note repeated lighter tints of the same colours. The inventor undertook by this means to make all the colours appear either successively, or in pleasing combination, for the amusement of those persons to whom nature had denied the sense of hearing by procuring the agreeable sensations to the eye similar to those created by melody and harmony. Another French priest, the Abbe Poncelet, invented an organ for the gratification of the palate! He arranged the scale thus: Accidity stood for C; insipidity for D; sweetness, E; bitterness, F; harsh-sweet, G; harshness, A; pungency, B. The instrument was enclosed in a case; the sounding board being disposed as usual in front. The action of two bellows sustained a constant current of air, which was guided through a row of organ pipes. Opposite to these pipes were arranged an equal number of phial-bottles, filled with liquids flavored above. The machine was so constructed, that, by pressing the fingers of the keys, the wind entered the sounding pipes, and forked the bottles, the liquids running into a large glass goblet placed underneath. The organist played unskillfully, and produced discord, the liquor mixed in the reservoir had a nauseous taste; but if he performed well, so as to produce harmonious tones, the mixture was found to be delicious.

PURITIES OF WATER CORRECTED.—The use of certain plants and vegetable juices for correcting the bad qualities of water, the Gardeners' Chronicle, admits of little illustration. It is understood that the original inducement of the Chinese to the use of tea was for the purpose of correcting the bad qualities of their water; and our early colonists in America infused the hemlock water, for the same purpose, the leaves of sassafras. Niebuhr, speaking of the Nile, observes: "The water is always somewhat muddy, but by rubbing a few bitter almonds, prepared in a particular manner, the earthen jars in which it is kept, this water is rendered clear, light, and salutary." Roberts, in his "Oriental Illustrations," has some interesting observations concerning the practices of the Hindoos with reference to this subject. He informs us that the brackish water in the neighborhood of the salt-pans, or of the sea, is often corrected by the natives throwing into it the wood called *perru-nelli* (phyllanthus emblica:) and should the water be very bad, the well is lined with planks cut out of this tree. He adds: "In swamp grounds, or where there has not been rain for any long time, the water is often muddy, and very unwholesome. But Providence has again been bountiful, by giving to the people the *teatta maram* (strychnos potatorum.) All who live in the neighborhood of such water, or have to travel where there is, always carry a supply of the nuts of this tree. They grind one of them on the side of an earthen vessel; the water is then poured in, and the impurities soon subside."

ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON.—After having gained the battle of Wagram, the Emperor established his head-quarters for a time at Schoenbrun, and there occupied himself, during the negotiations for his Austrian alliance, with reviving his troops, and distributing among them rewards and honors. One old and brave regiment of the line was drawn out before him for this purpose, his custom being to examine every corps individually, under the guidance of the officers. After having formed the regiment into columns, Napoleon entered among the ranks, and bestowed praises and decorations on all who appeared worthy of them. Five hours he spent on this occupation, and at length, when he had satisfied himself that no one man's claims had been overlooked, he finished by saying aloud to the Colonel, "Now present to me the bravest soldier in your whole regiment." In some cases this might have been a difficult matter; it did not appear so now. The Colonel, indeed, hesitated for a moment, but the question was caught by the soldiers, and one universal answer came from the ranks. "Morio! Corporal Morio!" was the cry. The Colonel approved of the decision, and Morio was called forward. He was a man still young, but embrowned by service, and he already wore on his person three badges of merit, and the cross of the Legion of Honour. Napoleon looked at him attentively. "Ah," said he, "you have seen service?" "Fifteen years, my Emperor," replied Morio; "sixteen campaigns and ten wounds—not to speak of contusions." "How many great battles?" asked the Emperor. "Sire, I was at your heels at the Bridge of Arcola; I was the first man who entered Alexandria; it was I who gave you my knapsack for your pillow at the bivouac of Ulm, when forty thousand Austrians capitulated; I took five hussars prisoners with my own hands on the day of Austerlitz; it was I who served you ——." "Hold! it is well, very well! Morio, I name you Baron of the Empire, and to that title I add a hereditary gift of five thousand francs a year." "Ah, my Emperor," said Morio, "this is too great a reward for me. But I will not play the usurper with your bounty. None of my companions, while I have it, shall want food or clothing.

Morio still lives. He only quitted the service when his master fell, and, in spite of that change, Morio still enjoys the Emperor's gift. He has kept his word to his companions. No old soldier in the department to which he has retired, wants wherewithal to drink the health of Napoleon.

AN IMAGINARY CONVERSATION BETWEEN NAPOLEON AND EUGENIE.—We take the following from an imaginary conversation reported by The Nation's "very special" correspondent, between the Emperor and Empress:

EMPRESS—You have then actually resolved to reduce, perhaps invade, England? How strange it will seem, after the agreements of the alliance, to have the Buckingham Palace folk among our State prisoners. I think they always anticipated some such crisis. Indeed, our correspondence has been so cold of late, that a note from Victoria would be quite refreshing this weather.

L. N.—Kings and rulers, *ma chere*, are the puppets of an hour, but the peoples are eternal. * * * England was my uncle's greatest and most dangerous enemy. In her selfish struggle for maritime supremacy, she cost France two millions of men and a hundred millions in money. But for her, Paris would have become the legislator of Europe, the capital of the world, the Rome of the nineteenth century. Had my uncle's policy been realized, Europe would have been subjected to one great system, would have possessed one code, one currency, and thus virtually become one great and united empire. The welfare of humanity would have been incalculably advanced, labor would have been organized, commerce increased by being adequately apportioned, the resources of each state developed, and the trade of each extended by the partition of the sea. In a short period, war, which Napoleon waged but to extinguish, would have been rendered impossible. The barrack and poor-house would have vanished together. Overlooking the welfare of the rest of the world, England, with no other view than that of becoming a hardware and cotton propaganda, conspired to destroy the splendid project of the man in whose life alone it was practicable. Great intellect is rare; between Cæsar, Charlemagne, and Napoleon, vast periods have intervened, and it is but seldom that the actual condition of the world admits the effective action of the despotism of genius. England, blinded with jealousy and fear, was unable to comprehend his creative policy; she banded the rabble of nations against him, and destroyed the projects of the civilizer with the arm of the Cossack, thus throwing back the world for five hundred, perhaps a thousand years. This great political crime, for as such it is now regarded by the intelligence of the Continent, must be avenged. Until England is limited to her own shores, France continues degraded, and Europe, without a future as civilization demands, must remain seated on the ruins of the past in the commercial fetters of her enemy.

EMPRESS—You speak of limiting England to her own shores. Do you, then, propose to disconnect Ireland?

L. N.—As a Spaniard, Eugenie, you sympathize with Ireland, which was once half Spanish, and whose heroic race have become great in every land but their own. O'Donnell governs in Madrid, Neil conquered at Solferino, M'Mahon crowned France with victory at Magenta. Perhaps it may be his destiny, as it is his ambition, to liberate the country of his forefathers. The history of that island has been for centuries a disgrace, not to England only, but to France, Spain and Europe, which tolerated such a spectacle of tyranny. Ireland is a noble island, with a rich soil and a gallant race, second to none on earth in energy and capacity. The geographical and political position of her native and emigrant population must one day render them formidable. That island has finer harbors than England, and is the outpost of Europe on the Atlantic—the most important insular position in the world. In fine, they have colonized a sixth of America, a third of Australia; they are allied to France and Spain by unity of religion, by history, and the fusion of race. I shall not follow the depressive politique of England with respect to a people who are fated to exercise so vast a future influence in the two new worlds, and who can be so instrumental at home in furthering my present projects. What has been done for Italy must be done for Ireland, whose allegiance, secured under a guarantee of independence, would be more valuable to France than her conquest and possession has ever been to England.

EMPRESS—*Vive l'alliance d'Irlande?* But tell me, Louis, what benefit will accrue to France from a war with Great Britain?

L. N.—They are innumerable. By destroying her navy, with which she protects her commerce, the Mediterranean will be secured, and India and the East opened once more to the enterprise of France. As the old imperial wars cost my uncle £100,000,000, I shall make that sum the ransom of London.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT—Sire, the Count de Persigny has arrived.

L. N.—The crisis has ripened, then—"peace"—ahem, *preparation*—until May, and then ——

HOMAGE OF WAR TO INTELLECT.—The night that followed the battle of Jena was a terrible one to the inhabitants of Weimar. The contest raged in its streets and walks; showers of balls fell into the town; all around houses are seen in flames; plunder and devastation were at their height. But amidst this general confusion, Wieland, the poet, received a proof of the high estimation in which his talents were held by him who had thus directed the storm of war; for, by Bonaparte's orders, a guard was placed before his house for its protection. Next morning Marshal Ney waited upon him in person. He found him in his room, which had been stripped of its furniture before the guard had been placed. Wieland had only his own chair remaining, which he offered to the Marshal; but Ney, with politeness and kindness, gently re-seated the old man in his chair, and observed that he knew better whose duty it was to stand in the presence of Wieland.

ENCORE—Louis XVI, in his journey through Normandy, heard a peasant in the environs of Caen singing a jovial popular song, and was so pleased with it that when it was finished His Majesty cried "Bis! bis!" The peasant inquired what that meant, and was told that it signified again or once more. Accordingly, he sang the song a second time, on which the king gave him a piece of gold. The peasant cried "Bis!" bis!" and would probably have repeated the cry, if the king, laughing heartily, and giving him a second piece of money, had not said "Assez! assez!" (Enough, enough.)

FACETIÆ.

SAGE INQUIRY.—"Master sailor," said an old lady to a weather-beaten tar, who had called at her house for a luncheon, "you must see a great many curiosities at sea." "Oh, yes," said Jack, and immediately commenced telling of the great leviathans of the deep. "But how do these great fish live?" queried the old lady. "Oh," said Jack, "much as the large fish do on land, by devouring the smaller ones." "But they don't eat them raw, do they?" "Oh, no, was the reply; "every fifth fiish carries a kettle on his tail for cooking."

A traveller once showed Lavater, the physiognomist, two portraits—the one of a highwayman who had been broken upon the wheel, the other was the portrait of Kant, the philosopher. He was desired to distinguish between them. Lavater took up that of the highwayman. After attentively considering it for some time, "Here," he said, "we have the true philosopher; here is penetration in the eye, and reflection in the forehead; here is cause, and there is effect; here is combination, there is distinction; synthetic lips, and analytic nose." Then, turning to the portrait of the philosopher, he exclaimed, "The calm, thinking villain is so well expressed, and so strongly marked in his countenance, that it needs no comment." This anecdote Kant used to tell with great glee.

Basil Montague, when at the bar, seldom read his brief. One day in the Court of Bankruptcy he was inveighing against the conduct of a bankrupt, who was his client, having mistaken the side which had instructed him. The attorney whispered a few words, pointing out the error, but Basil Montague went on painting the character of his client in the blackest terms. Suddenly he turned round, saying, "Now, if such had been the conduct of the bankrupt, then indeed it would have been right to have visited him with all the obloquy which had been heaped upon his head; but as his conduct has been quite the reverse, he hoped the certificate would be granted at once." And it was granted, to the great relief of all parties concerned.

During the prevalence of the fatal miasma at Brescia, a Zouave, hurrying into the mess-room, told his commanding officer that his brother had been carried off two days ago by a fatal malady, expressing his apprehension that the whole regiment would be exposed to a similar danger in the course of the following week. "Good heavens!" exclaimed the officer, "what then did he die of?" "Why, my colonel," said the Zouave, "he died of a Tuesday."

A Parisian dancing-master advertises that he "keeps on hand a large stock of young gentlemen, all curled, dressed, gloved, well-mannered, &c., aged between twenty-one and twenty-eight, for hire to ball-givers who, having an unexpected dearth of male guests, desire to supply the deficiency. They cost a Napoleon a-piece, and are warranted to dance, to be animated, discreet, and moral."

At a late agricultural show, an individual exhibited a fast trotting-horse, which cantered and trotted remarkably well, but which was a bad walker. A person looking on, after having admired the trotting and cantering, asked, "How about the walking?" "Walking," said Jonathan; "well, really I don't know about that. We're not so tarnation slow in the States as to notice that."

The following is said to be one of the longest pauses on record:—An old gentleman riding over Putney Bridge turned round to his servant and said, "Do you like eggs, John?" "Yes, sir." Here the conversation ended. The same gentleman riding over the same bridge that day twelvemonth, again turned round and said, "How?" "Poached, sir," was the answer.

It is said of the eccentric John Randolph that a political opponent who wished to draw him into a quarrel, one day boldly met him on the side-walk, in the city of Washington, with this remark:

"I do not turn out for every vile scoundrel I meet."

"But I always do," said Randolph, and suiting the action to the word, he turned one side and passed on.

A Texas paper says that a squad of Camanches lately got after a bald-headed white man who was hunting on the San Saba river, and had nearly overtaken him, when his hat blew off and exposed his shining bald pate to their astonished gaze. The savages halted, cried "Scalped! scalped!" and stood wondering so long at the phenomenon that the hunter escaped.

Two sable philosophers took shelter under the same tree during a heavy shower. After some time one of them complained that he felt the rain. "Never mind," replied the other, "dere's plenty of trees; when dis 'un is wet through, we'll go to de oder."

A lover received the following note, accompanied by a boquet of flowers: "Deer ——, I send you bi the boy a buckett of flours. They is like my love for u. The nite shaid menes keep dark. The dog fenel menes I am ure slave. Rosis red and posis pail; mi luv for u shall never fale."

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

PROROGATION OF THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

General Amnesty of all Political Offenders in France.

THE POLITICAL FERMENTATION IN GERMANY.

MEETING OF THE IRISH HIERARCHY.

By the steamship City of Washington at New York, America and Etna at Boston, and Indiana at Quebec, we have news to the 18th of August.

IRELAND.

THE FLOATING CAPITAL OF IRELAND.—Mr. Stopford, of Rathmines, has published a valuable letter on the subject of Irish fisheries. He remarks in the first place that the fishing grounds and the seasons of the fish around the coasts are not known, except in the case of the inshore ling fishery, and that the Admiralty charts give no information on these points to fishermen. That a large source of wealth would be opened up by ascertaining these important particulars, and using the inexhaustible contributions of reproductive life, he proves by experiments conducted at his own expense, and under his own personal observation. After making out the proper fishing ground in Dingle Bay, he caught 500 or 600 pair of sole a day with one vessel. The curing of the fish is apparently a critical operation, as the selling value of the article may be more than doubled by a superior style of curing. It seems also that the Scotch are the masters of this business, a fact easily credited as they have always borne a high character in the saving department. Mr. Stopford sold ling cured by Scottish practitioners at the rate of 26s per cwt., whilst the same commodity, after experiencing the remedial treatment of Irishmen, only brought 11s per cwt. And, whilst the mute appeals of these living coins to Irish hospitality are utterly neglected by us, we lay out £90,000 a year for fish cured by Scotchmen—a pretty large premium to be given by impoverished Ireland for the encouragement of Caledonian skill. It is carrying the maxim of "the longest way round the shortest way home" a little too far to send to Scotland for fish whilst the thing we seek is knocking disregarded at our very doors. Mr. Stopford proposes the system of loans by government—loans to fit out vessels of sufficient size to follow the fish wherever they may go, and loans to encourage Scotchmen to come over here as curers, who would benefit the country in a high degree by the improved methods they would bring with them. He asserts that these loans could be safely made by mortgages under the Mercantile Marine Act, the payments to be made by instalments, with the proviso that the fishermen should not be pressed after a bad season, which Mr. Stopford has invariably seen followed by a good one, unless in the herring fishery. He enters into details for preventing the abuse of this system, and to ensure repayment by reasonable instalments. A skilful curer, he says, would require a capital of £500, and he calculates that this would give on the first year a profit of £85, and on the second of £174. A man acting as his own manager, and hiring a curer, would require a capital of £1,000, which, in the first year, would give a profit of £123, and in the second of £273. He enters fully into the particulars of the calculations from which he deduces these results. Mr. M'Mahon, our country member, who has made himself an authority on Irish fisheries, by careful study of the subject, states, in one of his speeches, that for the thirty years ending on the 5th of January 1850, this country imported fish from Great Britain, and fish of British taking, from Newfoundland and other stations, annually, to the value of £148,000. The importance of this fact cannot be overrated, as a thing imperatively requiring amendment, that we should pay so much to encourage the fisheries of other countries, while we have a large amount of poverty in our own, and a reproductive mine unexplored in the bountiful waters which surround it. [Wexford Peopbe.

THE CONFERENCE OF THE IRISH PRELATES.—The meeting of their Lordships, the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland, in Dublin, has concluded, and though no authorized statement has as yet been made on the part of the venerable prelates, it is published in the newspapers, and privately asserted, that the chief pastors of the Church in Ireland have unanimously recorded their condemnation of mixed education in all cases. Mixed education in colleges and universities—mixed education in intermediate schools, and mixed education in primary schools, are all said to fall under the same sentence. It is also reported that their lordships have gone further, and have decided against any modification or amendment of the National system, and have resolved that its abolition, and the establishment in its place of the Denomination system, will alone meet the requirements of the case. So far the papers, and private unauthorized report. [London Tablet, Aug. 13.

The Dublin Freeman says:—"At eleven o'clock of the 5th August, their lordships, the Archbishops and Bishops of the several dioceses in Ireland, assembled for the fourth time, in the chapel of St. Kevin, Cathedral church, and remained in council up to two o'clock, when their lordships rose, all the questions before them for consideration have been disposed of. We are enabled to state that entire unanimity of opinion prevailed, and the several resolutions proposed were unanimously adopted. We were happy to learn that His Grace, the Archbishop of Dublin, notwithstanding his important and anxious labors for the past four days, is much improved in health, and fast progressing to entire recovery from the effects of his recent illness.

THE BURNING OF THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' SCHOOLS AT TUAM.—TUAM, August 4.—This day an official inquiry was opened in the Court House, before Alexander C. Knox, Esq., R. M., Roscommon, and Captain Hobart of Loughrea, County Inspector of the East Riding of the county, into certain charges preferred against the Constabulary in the town of Tuam on the 16th and 17th of June last. Mr. John Martin, solicitor, of Dublin, and Mr. Edmund Concannon appeared for the prosecution, with Mr. Strahan, agent to Lord Plunket. Mr. Patrick O'Loghlin, solicitor, appeared for Mr. Harvey, Sub-Inspector, and the Constabulary of Dunmore (who were only present on the 17th), and Mr. Jeremiah Tully appeared on behalf of Head Constable Scott and the constabulary who were acting under his command in the town on the 16th of June.

Mr. Knox said that he and Captain Hobart had been instructed, under the authority of a commission from the Lord Lieutenant, to inquire into certain charges preferred against the constabulary stationed in the town of Tuam on the 16th and 17th of June last.

Mr. Knox, R. M., read the official charges, which they were directed to investigate, as follows:

"'Charges on behalf of Right Hon. and Right Rev. Lord Plunket, Bishop of Tuam, &c., against the police force in the town of Tuam, for neglect of duty in the following instances:

"'For not proceeding without delay on the afternoon of Thursday, the 16th inst., to protect a house and premises, Lord Plunket's property, upon being required to protect the same when it was in the act of being destroyed by a riotous and disorderly mob. For neglect of duty on Friday, the 17th inst., in not clearing the premises of the mob who again assembled and proceeded to renew their work of destruction, without sufficient efforts on the part of the police to disperse and check them. For refusing to permit his lordship's servants to have free access to the premises to assist in preserving the property and arresting the progress of the fire. For not taking any sufficient steps after the house was set fire to to preserve and stay the further progress of the fire, and for not arresting on the spot any of the persons engaged in their presence in committing a felony.'"

Mr. Martin then stated the general nature of the offence which he was about to prefer against the constabulary, and which, he said, he was perfectly satisfied he would sustain in evidence.

A lengthened examination of witnesses followed and the case was adjourned.

TUAM, Aug. 5.—Several witnesses were also examined this day. The inquiry is not yet over.

On Friday some witnesses in the employment of Lord Plunket were examined, after which the Court adjourned until Saturday, when the evidence given was merely a repetition of Friday's. The Court then adjourned until Wednesday. [Dublin Evening Post.

EXPLOSION AND LOSS OF FIVE LIVES.—About half-past ten o'clock on Saturday, Aug. 6, an explosion of gunpowder occurred at the Ballincollig Powder Mills, which, we regret to state, was attended with the destruction of human life to a deplorable extent. The explosion was distinctly heard in several parts of the city, and even on board the steamers coming up the river, but it resembled so much the roll of distant thunder that it excited no suspicion of the dreadful reality. The scene of the disaster was the storehouse of the western extremity of the works on the banks of the river, known as No. 1 dusting house, but by others described as a "refining house." At that hour five men were engaged at this house in removing the powder stored there in kegs into a boat on the canal, by which communication is effected between the several departments of the mills along the bank of the river. The names of the men thus employed, as ascertainnd by our reporter on the spot, are Timothy Byrne or Burns, a married man and father of nine children; John Corkery, a youth aged 18; William Barry, a married man and father of two children; James Merrick, 20, and Timothy Lyons, a youth of 26. This sufferer was reported to be a man named James Lyons, who is also employed on the works, but we believe, having obtained our information on the spot, that the body recovered has been identified as that of the youth above-named. The bodies of the three first named have been recovered. The remains were covered with blankets, and beside them sat mothers, wives and relatives, wailing aloud. The bodies were described as broken, mangled and black masses of flesh and bone, only distinguishable by the fragments of dress which hung by them. Of the bodies of the two last named not a limb remains, but their relatives might be seen wandering over the adjacent fields, picking up black fragments of flesh and bone, which, no doubt, formed part of their living bodies two hours before. The cause of the disaster must forever remain a mystery, as not one of those who knew it—if, indeed, any of them knew it—now survives to account for it. As to the "dusting house," or refining house, where the catastrophe occurred, not as much as a stone of it remains, even from the foundation, for the very ground on which it stood has been blown up and rooted away as if a mine had exploded beneath it. The house was situated at the extremity of a fence planted with trees, which were torn up from their very roots, and now lie scattered over the fields. At the other side of the river, by the road side, are four or five small slated houses; the roofs of these were shattered and knocked away by the mass of stones from the exploded refining house. Such, as far as we have been enabled to collect them on a hurried inquiry, are the results of this distressing accident. One workman, we were informed, is missing, but the five above named are probably the only sufferers. [Cork Rep.

THE PRESBYTERIAN KIDNAPPERS.—The case of Magee vs. Hanna, the Presbyterian preacher at Belfast (of which we last week gave some account), came on before the Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench on Monday. It may be in the recollection of our readers that, some time since, Mr. J. A. Curran made an application to his lordship while on circuit at Maryborough, on the part of a Mrs. Magee, for a writ of habeas corpus, requiring Rev. Mr. Hanna, a Presbyterian minister residing in Belfast, to deliver up a child named Margeret Magee, whom, it was alleged, he was illegally detaining from her mother. On that occasion it was stated in the affidavit of Mrs. Magee, the girl's mother, that she and her husband, William Magee, deceased, lived at Belfast and were Roman Catholics, and that the girl in question was born in September, 1846, and was baptized a Roman Catholic. On the 9th ult. she missed her daughter from home, and in some days after saw her coming out of Rev. Mr. Hanna's house with a Bible in her hand. She refused to go with her then, but next morning was sent home on a car. She again left home, and was again found at Rev. Mr. Hanna's, who stated that she would be allowed to go home with her mother if she permitted her to attend the meeting-house. This Mrs. Magee refused to consent to do, and as she could not get possession of her child except upon that condition, the application was made for a writ of habeas corpus. An order for the writ having been granted, the case was brought before the Chief Justice yesterday, when Mr. Curran appeared for the mother of the girl and Mr. Dowse for Rev. Mr. Hanna. The reporters for the press were not admitted, but we understand that several affidavits were made on the part of Rev. Mr. Hanna in reply to the charge against him. The girl and her mother were present, and the former stated, in reply to the Chief Justice, that she was willing to go home with her mother on the condition that she should be allowed to attend the Presbyterian meeting-house. Mrs. Magee refused to agree to this, and demanded to have her daughter given up to her, in order that she might be brought up in the religion of her parents. It was urged, on the part of the defendant, that the girl was old enough to judge for herself in the matter, and that she ought to be left at liberty to act according to her inclination, and attend what place of worship she pleased. Mrs. Magee stated that her daughter was only between twelve and thirteen years old, and that she was not of an age at which she could be taken away from her mother and taught a religion contrary to

that of her parents, and contrary to that which she had been brought up. The Chief Justice stated that if the girl were of the age that entitled her to do so, she should be left at liberty to act for herself in the matter. After considerable discussion the case was postponed till Friday, in order to ascertain clearly the age of the child, and whether she had obtained the legal age that would entitle her to follow her own inclination, irrespective of the wishes of her parent.

[London Register, Aug. 1

THE GALWAY POSTAL SERVICE.—The Liverpool Mercury of Aug. 13 contains the following from its correspondent at Dublin, in reference to the Galway postal service:

"It is stated that positive information has been received here to the effect that the present Government has determined not to disturb the contract made by the Government with Lord Derby with the Atlantic Royal Mail Company for the conveyance of mails between Galway and the United States. It is said that the contract is sealed and completed in every official form, but that it will not be delivered pending the inquiries before the Postal Contracts Committee, whose sittings are to be adjourned until next session. During the last month or two a number of the shares of the Royal Mail Company have been taken in this country, and it is stated that arrangements are in progress to place the Company on an extended basis, particularly in reference to Ireland."

FRANCE.

FRENCH PREPARATIONS FOR A COMING WAR.—A letter in The Diritto has the following message:—

"As I have told you in former letters, the greatest activity reigns in our arsenals, our military ports, and at the Ministry of Marine. A significant fact is that of the formidable armament of our coasts; on the shores of the Channel, and, more properly, on all the points of the French coast, from Toulon to Dunkirk, low batteries are being established at intervals of 3,000 metres, and armed with artillery of heavy calibre and long range. The arming of the men-of-war is pushed with all alacrity, and it is reported as certain that secret orders have been already given to call into activity as quickly as possible all the sailors on leave. Public opinion is habituating itself to the idea of a war with England."

The Moniteur of the 17th contains the following imperial decree:

A full and entire amnesty is granted to persons sentenced for political crimes or offences, or those who have been the object of any measures taken for the public security.

On account of the *fete* of the 15th, the Emperor pardoned eleven hundred and two seven persons sentenced to prison for various crimes, offences and infringements of the law, or reduced the terms of their imprisonment.

The news from Paris is pacific in tone. The Emperor Napoleon has, it is said, resolved to inaugurate a real and solid peace policy, and with this view he proposes to reduce the import duty on certain raw materials, including coal and iron, to promote railway works and otherwise to give a stimulus to trade and commerce.

A local journal states that Lille is to be made the headquarters of a grand military command, with a Marshal of France at the head. It is thought that the projected fortifications at Antwerp have had something to do with this measure.

It is stated from Paris that all the warnings hitherto given to the French newspapers by the Government are to be considered null after as nullities.

Workmen are now busy in the vaults of St. Denis preparing a sepulchre for the remains of Napoleon I., which will certainly be removed from the Invalides, although the site for the disinterment is not yet fixed. It is presumed that Marshal Prince Jerome, who at one time declared that the tomb in the Invalides, of which he is governor, should not be disturbed as long as he lived, is now no positive in his opposition. The last resting place of the great Napoleon among the bones of the Kings of France will not, however, after all be the precise spot which he had selected himself, and which he is represented as pointing to in the well-known glass painting in one of the Cathedral windows. Louis XV. is buried in that vault, and the Emperor whose great object in interring his uncle in the royal basilica is to teach the public to regard him as the legitimate founder of a new line of monarchs, cannot in consistency decorate the tomb of a legitimate Bourbon.

ENGLAND.

Parliament was prorogued on the 13th. The Lord Chancellor read the Queen's speech. She regrets that the interruptions during

session have prevented many important measures from being carried, and hopes for their early consideration at the next session. The war in Italy having been concluded, England had been invited to take part in the Conference of the great Powers should one be held, but sufficient information on this subject to admit of a definite reply had not been received. She would rejoice at being able to contribute to arrangements to serve a lasting peace. She hopes that the direct communication with Pekin will prove beneficial. She hopes for a continuance of the existing amicable relations with all Powers, and rejoices at the complete suppression of the India rebellion. She promises her serious attention to the internal improvement of India. She gladly assented to the bills providing for the naval and military reserves, and regarded permanent national defences as of paramount importance. The remainder of the speech is congratulatory on the prosperity of the nation.

A proposal has been made on behalf of Mr. Lever to charter the Great Eastern for a voyage out and home, from some safe port in Great Britain to some safe port in North America. The terms offered are £20,000, the vessel to be provided with accommodations for 2,000 passengers, and to steam fourteen knots an hour on her trial trip.

The Great Eastern is advertised to start on the 15th of September on a direct voyage to the United States. Portland, Maine, will be the harbor to which she will proceed. On the occasion passengers will be carried at rates varying from £18 to £25.

A project for a ship railway from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea has been broached. Ships are to be lifted and lowered by hydraulic power, and transported across the Isthmus in cradles resting on five lines of railway, at twenty miles an hour.

THE PAPAL STATES.

The Gazette de Liege contains an analysis of the letter from the Emperor of the French, which was handed to the Pope by M. de Menneval. The following is a translation of the article as it stands in the journal referred to:

"Napoleon has addressed to Pius IX. one of those letters which form epochs in political life, and which contain a full expression of the writers views. Let us hasten to say that the form of this letter is perfect. It is thought worthy of an elder son of the Church.

The following are the principal ideas contained in the document:

"The alliance of the two Catholic Empires, and the title offered to the Pope of Chief of the Italian Confederation, show sufficiently that Italy will be reorganized in a conservative and religious, not in a revolutionary sense.

"The Holy Father has no more respectful or more faithful sons than the Chiefs of the two great Catholic nations, and the influence, as well as the force of their nations, is entirely devoted to him.

"After explaining the views he has conceived in relation to the Italian Confederation, the Emperor declares that he would be far from prescribing reforms to be carried out by the Holy Father, or from exacting conditions for his loyalty and devotion, but he insinuates that it would perhaps be opportune, that it would be worthy of the Holy Father if he would co-operate with him in the work of organizing Italy by complying with some of the legitimate wishes of the population living under his paternal rule. In this delicate passage the reform indicated, though in extremely moderate terms, is the secularisation of power, at least in the Legations.

"Finally, the Emperor, in referring to the organization of some national force, which it would be difficult to raise without the conscription, offers some observations on the subject of the French occupation, tending to show the inconvenience to the Holy Father of prolonging this state of things.

"This is in substance the letter of the Emperor."

The following is the substance of the Papal reply, according to The Gazette de Midi:

"The French Government has presented four requests to the Pope. To these His Holiness, after taking some days to deliberate, now replies.

"These demands were—

"The acceptance of the Honorary Presidency of the Italian Confederation.

"The establishment in the Papal States of the Code Napoleon.

"The institution of a legislative council (*consulta.*)

"A peculiar constitution for the government of the four Legations.

"The following, it is positively asserted, are the replies which the Holy Father has made to these proposals.

"As far as relates to the title of Honorary President of the Italian Confederation, the Holy Father puts the following questions in return:

"What is the Presidency?

"Will it be administrative or political?

"President of what? Where is the Confederation? If it should be composed of the various kingdoms of Italy, it cannot yet exist, since the greater number of the thrones are *vacant* (literal.) It will be necessary, therefore, to reinstate the Sovereigns in their dominions, and first of all the President.

"In regard to the Code Napoleon, His Holiness has already said that there is a more perfect code in existence in Rome, and that it would be impossible, independently to this, to apply the Code Napoleon to the States of the Church, because it is in opposition to the essential principles of the Apostolic Government. Its provision for civil marriages is an example.

"With regard to the Legislative Council which is already established, His Holiness replies, that without doubt this institution is calculated to do great good, since there are at Rome, as elsewhere, many reforms to be made; but he reserves to himself the right of choosing his own time and opportunity for making them.

"Finally, in relation to the Legations, the Holy Father considers that before this question is opened he ought to be restored to the possession of that portion of his dominions."

Advices received from Bologna state that a decree of the government has convoked an assembly, to be elected by the inhabitants, in order to express the wishes of the population. Several agents of Mazzini had been arrested and expelled. It is asserted that the Conference of Zurich has prolonged the armistice indefinitely. The French troops have suspended their departure from Italy.

TUSCANY, PARMA AND SAVOY.

The young Grand Duke of Tuscany was said to be preparing a manifesto offering the Tuscans a representative constitution.

An official message, dated Florence, 9th, states that the elections were concluded with perfect order, and a large number of voters attended to give their suffrages. The electors belonged to all classes of the country. The Assembly is convoked for Thursday next. The country is quiet and the inhabitants full of confidence.

Count Buiset, the French Emperor's Special Envoy to Central Italy, had at Parma handbills thrown into his carriage expressing a wish for annexation to Sardinia.

The official Austrian Correspondence of August 11 contains private intelligence dated Parma, August 9, stating that the Piedmontese had been driven out of the city and a red republic proclaimed. Property-holders and the friends of order were taking to flight.

With regard to the question as to who is to take the place of the present dynasty, the Paris correspondent of The London Star returns to a project already mentioned, namely, a marriage between the Grand Duchess of Parma and the nephew of Victor Emanuel, the Prince of Carignan; to be followed by other marriages destined to cement the union between the House of Savoy and the Imperial family of France and the Bourbons of Parma, and at the same time to promote the cause of Italian unity under Sardinian supremacy.

There was a vague rumor that Prince Napoleon was to be made Sovereign of Tuscany.

The following petition has been signed at Chambery, addressed to King Victor Emanuel, praying for the union of Savoy to France:

SIRE: The great events which have exalted so high the glory of your Majesty, and those which are still in preparation, clearly indicate that fresh destinies await the people of Italy. The basis of the treaty of peace just signed, and the acts which have emanated from your government, proclaim the foundation of an Italian nationality, clearly defined by the Alps, as well as by the race, the habits and the language of those who are to form part of it. These conditions, sire, exclude Savoy, which is not Italian, and can never be so. What, then, is the future reserved for her? We hope, sire, that your Majesty, who has shown yourself so chivalrous towards Italy, will take into consideration the interests of Lavoy in a manner conformable to her wishes.

AUSTRIA.

The ministerial crisis continues. It is fully confirmed that Baron von Bach has tendered his resignation, because the reforms which he proposed were rejected by the Emperor, but it is certain that there is no material difference between the programme of Baron von Bach and that of M. von Schmerling, whose advice has since been asked. It is reported that the commission for the working out the constitution is especially opposed to the views of Baron Bach and M. von Schmerling, and that the new constitution of Austria will be founded on aristocratic and clerical power.

The ministerial crisis is not yet over. A combination, with Count Leo Thun at its head, had met with so many difficulties that its success is very doubtful.

Well-informed persons assert that the constitution which the Commission was about to work out would be characterized by the principle of decentralization, by the re-establishment of representing of provinces, by prerogatives given to the aristocracy of all the provinces, and lastly, by strict Catholic spirit.

BELGIUM.

THE FORTIFICATIONS OF ANTWERP.—The Times Paris correspondent writes, August 6:—"The project for increasing the fortifications of Antwerp, presented to the consideration of the Belgian Chambers, again occupied the attention of a portion of the Paris press. The Patrie began on Sunday with an enumeration of objections to the scheme, which it condemned under both the political and the economical point of view. An extract from an article in The Constitutionnel on the same subject, signed by M. Granier de Cassagnac, was sent to you yesterday; and this morning that article is reproduced by The Pays, great prominence being given to it in both papers. The tenor of the article is unfriendly to England, the Government of which is suspected by the writer of inciting the King of the Belgians to strengthen his fortress. It seems a sort of unfortunate fatality, that as soon as confidence shows symptoms of reviving in the commercial and financial world something new should be devised to disturb it. M. de Cassagnac's article has not been without its effect, and to it may perhaps be partly attributed the flatness and fall towards the close of yesterday's Bourse. The rise which commenced on Saturday continued yesterday morning, and the quotations from London and Vienna showed a corresponding movement in those markets, but nevertheless the prices here subsequently retrograded. It may have been by reason of the absence for the moment at any more important topic of discussion that the leader in the Government paper produced more sensation than it deserved and became the subject of a good deal of conversation. People do not like to see these new questions, possible germs of future discord, thus sprung up just at the moment when they are inclined to take a more hopeful view of the pacific prospects of Europe. Some of the lithographic sheets, which supply the editors of provincial papers with materials, to-day improve upon the text, and serve M. de Cassagnac's ill-natured insinuations with extra seasoning of their own for their country customers."

ZURICH.

The Zurich Conference continued in session, but the Sardinian representatives absented themselves from some of its sittings. The proceedings of the Conference were strictly secret.

SERIOUS DISTURBANCES IN JAMAICA.—Our intelligence from the island of Jamaica, says The New York Herald of August 30, is important. Rioting, lawlessness and bloodshed seem to have become the normal condition of the people. The anniversary of emancipation was celebrated by a scene of turbulence and riot, in the course of which several persons met their death. Quiet had been restored, but no one could say how long it would last. The Governor of the island, like most of his predecessors, was rapidly growing unpopular. Former Governors have had to contend with the planters; the present one, Mr. Darling, has to fight his battles with the medical fraternity. Dr. Alexander Fiddes, of Edinburgh, one of the most efficient surgeons of the day, has just been put in the Crown Office by his Excellency.

REVOLUTION IN VENEZUELA.—According to the last accounts from Venezuela President Castro had been seized and compelled to surrender the Presidency by the constitutional party, and after which he was thrown in prison, and a close guard of one hundred men set over him to watch his movements. Some severe fighting had occurred, resulting almost altogether in favor of the constitutionalists. The utmost alarm prevailed in the country, and the general expectation was that very sanguinary engagements were about to occur. Three thousand men were under arms at Caracas, resolved to deliver their country from the federalists or to die in the attempt.

AN ADMIRABLE CONVENIENCE for travellers is BURNETT'S TOILET CASE, containing his celebrated KALLISTON for removing tan and freckles, and softening the skin after exposure to rough winds and the dirt of travel—BURNETT'S COCOAINE, unsurpassed as a preparation for the hair, thoroughly cleansing it, and giving it a rich and rare gloss,—BURNETT'S ORIENTAL TOOTH WASH, for cleansing the teeth, and strengthening the gums, and purifying the breath—and FLORIMEL, a delightful perfume for the handkerchief. These are all that can be desired in this line, and we take great pleasure in introducing them to the notice of our readers, especially those who are designing summer travel.

MATTERS AND THINGS IN IOWA.—The quantity of Wheat and Oats produced in Northern Iowa this year is one third greater than ever before. This does not arise so much from the quantity raised per acre as from the increased quantity of land sown. The growing season was delightful, and the time for harvesting all that could be desired. The Corn crop, too, is very fine, but the Hay crop is not full—a recent drouth is affecting the grass, and it is feared that it will affect the Potatoes. One good days rain is much needed.

A contract has just been signed for the completion of forty additional miles of the Dubuque and Pacific Railroad, and thirty miles of the Dubuque Western Railroad. The grading is nearly complete on both these roads, and it is stipulated that the cars will running on the former eighty miles, and on the latter fifty-five miles, by the first of January next. John Thompson, President of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, is President also of the Dubuque and Pacific, and Colonel R. B. Mason, late of the New York and New Haven, and of the Illinois Central, is Vice President.

We would direct the attention of our readers to the advertisementof a pic-nic for the benefit of St. Augustine's Church, Sing Sing. It will take place on the 13th instant, and will, we have no doubt, be one of the most successful of the season, as every pains have been taken to render it so. About five thousand tickets have been distributed already.

HOUSEHOLD MARKETS.

The retail business at Washington Market, during the past week, has been rather dull in almost every branch of business. This is owing, no doubt, to the fact that many of our wealthy citizens are absent at the various watering places and country seats. In the article of Meats we have no change to make in quotations. In the Poultry trade, at this time of year, the prices are so fluctuating that it would be impossible to give, with any degree of accuracy, the prices asked. In the article of Fowls there has been a decrease of 2c. per pound, while Ducks have taken quite an advance. In the Fish trade we observe that Spanish Mackerel, that were selling for 18c. during the previous week, are now quoted at 30c. The prices of Butter, Cheese, and Eggs, remain unchanged. In the Vegetable trade the market is well stocked with almost every desirable kind. Potatoes continue to arrive in large quantities, and the prices are quite low. In the wholesale trade, large quantities are disposed of for Southern markets, sent thither both by steam and sailing vessels. It is reported that the potato rot has made its appearance on the east end of Long Island, and the crops are suffering badly. Domestic Fruit continues to arrive slowly, and of such poor qualities that we almost despair of having our usual quantity. Peaches have maintained a uniform price for two weeks past until yesterday, when a large arrival from Delaware brought the prices down considerably. Of Pears we have quite a number of varieties, including the luscious Bartlett, Seckles, and Washington. The Apple trade is quite unsettled; the principal arrivals have been of cooking qualities. In the foreign fruit trade we observe that Oranges, Bannanas, and Pineapples are quite scarce, and very high. Watermelons and Muskmelons are quite plenty. The latter, however, are quite poor. We quote the following retail prices:—

POULTRY AND GAME—Turkeys were worth 16@18c. ₩ lb; roasting Chickens, 88c.@$1 25 ₩ pair; broilers, 66@69c. ₩ pair; young Geese, $1 25@$2 ₩ pair; Woodcock, 69@75c. ₩ pair; Ducks, $1@$1 50 ₩ pair; Wild Pigeons, $1 75@$2 ₩ dozen; Squabs, $2 25@$2 50 ₩ dozen; Prairie Chickens, 75c. ₩ pair.

BEEF—Sirloin Steaks, 15c.; Porterhouse Steak, 18c.; Rump Steaks, 14c.; Chuck roast, 10@12c.; Corned pieces, 10@12c.

MUTTON—Chops, 14c. ₩ lb; hind quarters, 12@14c.; fore quarters 8@9c.; Lamb, 12@14c.

VEAL—Cutlets, 16@18c.; fore quarters, 9c.; hind quarters, 12c.

PORK—Fresh Pork, 11c. ₩ lb; salted Pork, 11c.; Hams, 12@13c.; Shoulders, 10@11c.; Sides, 10c.; Jowls, 9@11c.; roasting Pigs, $1 50 each.

FISH—In this trade there has been a slight alteration in the prices of some kinds. We quote the following prices, viz: Codfish, 6c. ₩ lb; Flounders, 6c.; Eels, 10@12c.; Porgies, 6c.; Blackfish, 12@15c.; Bass, 8@10c.; Striped Bass, 8@10c.; Weakfish, 8c.; Sheepshead, 24@30c.; Kennebec Salmon, 36c.; Haddock, 6c.; Kingfish, 15c.; Spanish Mackerel, 30c.; Oysters, $1@$2 ₩ 100; Clams, 50c.@$1 ₩ 100; Lobsters, 6c. ₩ lb; Soft-shell Crabs, $1 ₩ dozen; Crabs, 18c. ₩ dozen.

VEGETABLES—We quote Sweet Potatoes $3 75 ₩ bbl.; Fresh Tomatoes, 5c. ₩ qt.; Cabbage, 5@7c. ₩ head; Cauliflowers, 12@50c. each; Marrow Squash, $1 25 ₩ bbl.; Cucumbers, 50c.@$1 ₩ 100; Radishes, 18c. ₩ doz.; Rhubarb, 10c. ₩ bunch; Peas, 12@15c. ₩ half peck; Beets, bunch, 5@6c.; String Beans, peck. 18@20c.; Parsley, bunch, 4@6c.; Spinnach, ₩ basket, 50@75c.; Leeks, bunch, 6@8c.; Onions, 18@25c. ₩ half peck; new Carrots, 5c. ₩ bunch; Parsnips, 6c. ₩ basket; Watercresses, 6c. ₩ qt.; Mint, ₩ bunch, 4c.; Green Corn, 12c. ₩ dozen; Egg Plant, each, 12@18c.; Lima Beans, 18@25c. ₩ qt.; Russia Turnips $1@$1 25 ₩ bbl.; Sweet Peppers, 50c. ₩ 100; Mercer Potatoes, $1 25@1 50 ₩ bbl.; Peachblows, $1 50@1 75; Dyckmans, $1 25; Buckeyes, $1 25.

FRUIT AND BERRIES—Pie Apples, $2@$2 50 ₩ bbl.; Eating do., $2@$3 50 ₩ bbl.; Jersey Peaches, $1@$2 ₩ basket; Delaware do., $2@$2 50; Whortleberries, 10c. ₩ qt.; Muskmelons, 3@12c. each; Cooking Pears, 25c. ₩ half peck; Plums, 12@24c. ₩ qt.; Watermelons, 20@25c. each; Greengage Plums, $3 50@$4 ₩ basket; Egg do., $3 50@$4 ₩ basket

POST OFFICE NOTICE.—The Mails for California and South Pacific Coast, per U. S. steamer MOSES TAYLOR, will close at this office on MONDAY, the 5th day of September, at one o'clock, P. M.

se3 ISAAC V. FOWLER, Postmaster.

POST OFFICE NOTICE.—The Mails for Europe, via Liverpool, per U. S. steamer ————, will close at this office on SATURDAY, the 3d day of September, at 10½ o'clock, A. M.

se3 ISAAC V. FOWLER, Postmaster.

BRADY'S GALLERY HAS REMOVED FROM No. 359 Broadway to No. 643 Broadway, corner of Bleeker street.

PHOTOGRAPHS, DAGUERREOTYPES AND AMBEROTYPES. aug13 tf

METROPOLITAN RECORD.

JOHN MULLALY.....Editor and Proprietor.

It will be the object of this Journal to supply the Catholic portion of the community with all the important and interesting news of the Catholic world, and particularly with information in regard to events and occurrences connected with the Church in the United States.

It is designed to make THE RECORD a good and desirable family journal, and it will, therefore, contain a great variety of useful, interesting, and instructive reading matter. Its readers will also be duly informed of the progress of events in the secular as well as the religious world.

The progress of Catholic Educational Institutions will meet with that attention to which they are entitled by their importance. Church Dedications occurring in and about the city of New York, will be fully and accurately reported.

Due care and attention will be given to the Literary Department, and new publications reviewed or noticed, as their character and pretensions may deserve.

Each number will contain one or two stories; and it will be the design of the Editor to make its Miscellaneous reading both entertaining and instructive.

The editorial columns will be devoted to a discussion of the prominent topics of the day, and all other subjects that properly come within the scope of such a journal. No part will be taken in political controversy, nor in the disputes between partizan politicians.

The business department will be carried on with that strict attention to all its details, without which no paper can expect to succeed, no matter how liberally supported, or how ably conducted; and all the business transactions of the establishment will be conducted on a cash basis.

In conclusion, the Editor refers with pride and pleasure to the following letter of approval from the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York:

NEW YORK, Nov. 3, 1858.

"DEAR SIR: I have read carefully your plan of a Catholic paper, and approve of the same in all its parts. Its scope is new and comprehensive, and will fill up a chasm without necessarily interfering with other papers already established. You have my sanction to proceed with as little delay as possible, and you shall have my approbation and support.

"Yours, faithfully, in Christ,
† JOHN, Archbishop of New York."

This journal will be published weekly at No. 371 Broadway, and delivered to city and mail subscribers on the following terms:

Price per year served by carrier..... ...$3 00
Price per year served by mail..... 2 50
Price per copy, for six copies or more.... 2 00

To Canadian subscribers THE RECORD will be served for $3 per year, as there is an advance of fifty cents in the postage; while to subscribers in Ireland it will be $3 50, for the same reason.

The advertising rates are as follows:

To transient advertisers....12½ cents per line.
To yearly advertisers..... 5 cents per line.

No paper will be sent till the receipt of the subscription.

All orders sent to the Publication Office, No. 371 Broadway, will be promptly attended to.

ED. DUNIGAN & BRO.,
(JAMES B. KIRKER,) Publisher.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 3, 1859.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION, THE MOST IMPORTANT TOPIC THAT CAN BE TREATED OF IN A CATHOLIC JOURNAL.

At the opening of our Catholic schools, academies and colleges for the coming year our attention is naturally drawn to the subject of Christian Education in general. Religion teaches us that the obligation of training up youth in the knowledge of their eternal destiny as well as of their duties towards God, towards their neighbor, and towards their country in this life, is first incumbent on their parents and guardians. The Holy Scriptures lay down this rule in a great variety of passages. The Catholic Church inculcates it as an obligation involving the greatest responsibility on those whose duty it is to discharge it in a Chistian manner. All the Fathers, of the Church, all the great and holy Bishops and Pastors of souls, have ever been zealous in their inculcation of this duty on the minds and hearts of those whose privilege it is to be intrusted with the care of immortal beings. At all times this obligation was held forth to the faithful people of the Catholic Church, according to the means which they could employ for its accomplishment and the opportunities offered in the age and place of their abode.

It would be well if the parents themselves had been trained in such a way as to be able from their own knowledge and experience to direct the inexperienced footsteps of their children, entering upon the dangerous path of human activity. But where this is not the case it is then incumbent on the parents to provide, through other teachers, for the attainment of the end which the obligation implies. Hence in various countries tutors are employed in families under the eye and direction of the parents of the children committed t their care. In other instances the general school, whether connected with monasteries during the Middle Ages or as Colleges and Universities such as have grown up with the revival of literature, have supplied the place of domestic tuition, which, if it could be carried out, would perhaps be the safest and most efficient of all.

If the Catholic religion, marred to some extent by the novelties of the Sixteenth Century, had been allowed to go forward undisturbed in its march of benificence and improvement, our schools and colleges would no doubt ere this have become the subject of universal admiration and efficiency in disseminating the elements of knowledge combined with the principles of Christian duty. But the troubles introduced into the religious world by such innovators as Martin Luther and Henry VIII have disturbed the supernatural order of Christian life instituted and sanctified by the propagation of Catholic doctrine and Catholic unity. The unhallowed movements of these men and their associates have distracted the human mind. Strife has taken the place of charity. Discord and antagonism abound where faith and unity prevailed before, and would have continued with a constantly accumulating power for good. However, Catholics must take the world and mankind as they find them in their generation, and they must adapt themselves to the advantages they still possess and be on their guard against the dangers that surround them, especially in reference to this most important of all topics, the Chritian education of our youth.

It is an encouraging symptom of the present day that in whatsoever direction we turn our eyes throughout the whole Catholic world, the importance of this subject is found to be estimated by a continually increasing appreciation. Nor is this to be wondered at. The voice of the Supreme Pontiff has been raised in warning to the Universal Church against the dangers of a heterodox training for Catholic youth, and of what is, perhaps, even more to be guarded against, that indifference which speaks of religion sometimes respectfully, sometimes sneeringly, but at all times shunning, partly by precept, but principally by example, the practical duties which religion enjoins. From the voice of Peter in the person of the Supreme Pastor of the Church, the same doctrines have been zealously re-echoed by the Catholic Bishops throughout Christendom. We are all acquainted with the struggles growing out of this question between the hierarchy and the civil government of different States. Prussia, with its hereditary hostility to the Catholic faith, was the first to systematize a scheme of education by which it was hoped that without the necessity of controversy, the rising generation might be imperceptibly weaned from the traditions and religious practices of the Catholic Church. But there were Bishops in Prussia as well as State officials, and some of them spoke as became the successors of the Apostles. There was the noble Von Vichering, Archbishop of Cologne, who could not be reduced to silence on this subject until the civil authority had placed him in prison as a captive, a confessor, and we might almost say as a martyr for the rights of Catholic education. There were others in the same country. Neither was the illustrious hierarchy of France silent or passive under the blighting influence of that infidel university which monopolized the direction of the youthful mind throughout the kingdom. On that subject those distinguished prelates never gave way, and God in fidelity to his own promise to sustain the cause of His Christ on the earth, did not forsake them. They have seen the influence of the university broken down; they have seen education released from the shackles which infidel politicians had imposed upon it.

If we pass to the British Empire, we shall behold attempts made to divorce what is falsely called education from the influences of religion, and there—whether we speak of England, Scotland, or Ireland—we still find the pastors of the church almost, if not entirely, unanimous in their condemnation of any State system of education which does not permit the influences of religion to blend with the acquisition of knowledge. In our own country, the imitation of Prussian State policy, of French State policy, and of British State policy, has become a favorite idea with the great mass of our fellow-citizens; but the Catholics here, as in Europe, could not be blind to its danger, nor indifferent to the precepts and encouragement of the Supreme Pontiff in Rome. Hence the discussions that have taken place among us on this subject during the last twenty years, even in our own city. At first our Catholic brethren throughout the United States were rather passive on the subject, for in most places the system had not yet developed itself sufficiently to put them on their guard by its effects upon the minds of youth. Still, however, in New York experience had proved to a certainty that, if the system continued unabated, the object of the Public School Society at that time would unquestionably be attained—namely, the children of Catholic parents would be uncatholicized—would learn in the schools, not by positive teaching, but by powerful influence, to be ashamed of the religion of their parents—to despise its traditions and teachings—to neglect the practices of its moral precepts and of its religious duties.

These effects, which were foreseen, but not proclaimed by the Public School Society, were gilded over under the pretence of preventing religious disputes in the after-life of the youth trained in their schools, on the plea of harmonizing the sentiments and feelings of youth, so that there would be a general amalgamation, and such a thing as sectarianism should become unknown both in the exercises of the school, and, as was supposed, in the future life of the pupils. In the meantime, however, the children attending those schools learned to be afraid to acknowledge, among their companions, that they were Catholics, and to be ashamed of the fact if it were indirectly discovered by their fellows. One single instance may show this, although the outrage did not proceed from any statute of that close corporation called the Public School Society:—A lame boy at one of the schools was discovered to have a Catechism in his waistcoat pocket, which the teacher unceremoniously and rudely snatched from him and threw into the fire. The poor child was much mortified, and being already of a weak constitution, his health began to fail, and continued to decline till death relieved him from his sufferings. No doubt the Board, as it was called, would have censured the teacher for this if the fact had come to their knowledge, but the spirit of the whole system was brought out boldly in this single act, and had everywhere its influence upon the minds of Catholic children attending those schools.

In the discussion which took place at that time, the whole merits of the question on both sides were brought out and, we might say, exhausted. We have seen nothing new on the subject since then, either from the Catholics or from the advocates of the State School system; but there is this general result, that whereas the question at that period was merely local and confined to New York, now it is a ubiquitous question throughout the country. The Prelates of the Catholic Church, the Catholic press, with scarcely an exception worthy to be named, the Priesthood, the parents of Catholic children, are all awake and sensitive upon the subject of religious as blended with secular education. We might quote among others the learned and Apostolic Archbishop of Cincinnati and many other eminent Prelates in different parts of the United States, who have spoken out boldly upon this momentous question. The other Prelates who have not spoken perhaps so distinctly, are nevertheless imbued with kindred sentiments in regard to it. So also we may quote among the Catholic journals The Cincinnati Telegraph, and the ardent advocate of this education, The New Orleans Standard. But these are not the only papers in this country or in Canada: The True Witness, of Montreal, is as true a witness as ever bore testimony to the absolute necessity of Catholic education for Catholic children.

It is true that there is an injustice done the Catholics both in Canada and the United States, when they are compelled by the voice of an anti-Catholic majority to contribute their quota of taxation for the support of schools which have not their confidence, and from which they can derive no benefit except at the sacrifice of what is dearer to them than the savings from such taxation. But what does that amount to? Very little. We can afford to pay our taxes to the State; we can afford to educate our children in our own way until, as we hope, the time will arrive when a truer sense of the rights of conscience under the Constitution of the United States will diffuse itself into the minds and hearts of those who are now, or are to be hereafter, our legislators. Let us for all these reasons support our Catholic Schools of every grade with increasing ardor and increasing zeal and cheerfulness.

WHAT THE LEADING ENGLISH REVIEWS SAY UPON THE SUBJECT OF A FRENCH INVASION.

We have frequently, in the columns of THE RECORD, expressed our opinion as to the probability of an invasion of England by the French Emperor at the head of his victorious legions. It is not our intention, therefore, to discuss the possibilities and probabilities of that event, but rather to see what opinions are entertained by the English people, and avowed by the English press on the subject. There is no difficulty in discovering what they are, for all their periodicals, from the daily paper that speaks without premeditation, to the quarterly that has three months in which to digest its opinions, discuss this question with an earnestness that shows how momentous they deem it. When it is remembered that many writers for the English magazines are statesmen, Cabinet ministers, and men of high standing in the political world, these articles have an extrinsic significance and an importance we can scarcely overrate; and it is worthy of notice that they do not treat the idea of a French invasion as chimerical or its success, if undertaken, as at all problematical.

These men know Napoleon well; they believe his plans may change, but his policy never; that let his path be straight, or winding, the goal is always the same; they know that with him postponement does not signify abandonment, and that in his vocabulary delay means waiting for an opportunity. They give no heed to his professions of moderation after the peace of Villafranca, and his disarmament they look upon as a dexterous feint to throw England off her guard in order that he may take her at a disadvantage. There cannot be reciprocity, they contend, between the two countries on the subject of disarmament; in England it means breaking up the army, and paying off the navy; in France, an indefinite furlough, and a strain off the treasury. To France a navy is not essential; she would be a first-class European power without one; but what would England be without a navy? To ask her to de-

molish her wooden-walls on the plea of reciprocity is analogous to insisting that Holland should let her dykes go to the dogs because France has no such system of coast defence. The navy, always important to England, from her insular position, becomes doubly so viewed in the light of a foreign invasion. Each seaman is an outlying sentinel, and each man-of-war an outpost that must be carried ere danger reach the citadel. To reduce them, therefore, voluntarily is to commit suicide; not to reduce them is to irritate a dangerous neighbor too subtle to be deceived, and too powerful to be bullied.

This is the Scylla and Charybdis of English statesmen to-day, and this is the question that occupies English journalists and reviewers. Blackwood's, The Edinburgh Review, The London Quarterly, The Westminster, not to speak of The Times, and the daily press with scarcely an exception, devote column after column to this subject. But stranger than all the imprudent candor of fear with which English writers prove not only the possibility but the practicability of an invasion, is the absence of all suggestions on the subject; they can see the danger but they cannot provide a remedy—they have a presentiment of what is coming, but no idea of how it is to be arested or avoided. This is the most dangerous symptom; this infertility of expedients and lack of ideas, this clearsightedness as to what Napoleon *will* do, and ignorance of what they themselves *ought* to do, is ominous. One of their Reviews, The Edinburgh, conscious of this state of things, consoles itself with the idea that when the emergency rises the right man will be sure to spring up. When a nation begins to look out for providential interpositions in its behalf in place of relying on its own resources, it is a pretty sure indication that it has passed its culminating point, and that, to use the words of The London Quarterly, "the awful crisis of its fate" has arrived.

The Univers says, with pointed significance, there is no fear of invasion entertained in France. Could there be any irony more stinging? However, it has no effect in restraining the indiscretion of the English press. The present condition of affairs is too threatening for bluster; the utmost they can hope is that after a time, after severe reverses, they would be able to recover themselves and assert their position again. "There is an immense amount of work to be done," says The London Quarterly, "and great doubt whether our rivals will allow us the time requisite for preparation." It closes an article on the Invasion of England in the following warning terms:—

"On one point, however, no man need deceive himself, which is, that the fleet which is now being built in the harbors of France with such skill and at such an enormous cost will one day be applied to the purposes for which it is avowedly being constructed; and when that time arrives it will be the most serious danger that England ever has incurred since the days of the Spanish Armada. The attack will probably be like the tiger's spring—stealthy but vigorous; and if successful, may be fatal to us. The stake for which the game is to be played is so enormous, and the risk so great, that every man with a spark of patriotism in his bosom ought to look the danger fairly in the face, and be prepared to do what he can to save himself, his children, his fellow-citizens, and his country.

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The time, however, is now passed when the extent of the danger can any longer be concealed. The war in Italy has opened the eyes of all to the magnitude of the power which can be wielded against us; and the preliminaries of peace which have just been settled may leave the French free to undertake any enterprize on which they may determine. Unless every citizen will now arm himself or assist his neighbor to do so, unless every servant of the State will apply his whole energies to see how the danger may best be met; and unless every statesman will forget all minor differences of opinion, and apply his whole power to prepare for the great struggle—it may happen that the last spark of liberty that exists in Europe may be trodden out, and the British name be lost from among those of the great nations of the earth, in a catastrophe such as has not appalled the world since the downfall of the Roman Empire."

The only suggestions that have been made, as far as we are aware, are that London should be abandoned as indefensible, the Court and army retreat northwards, and there wait the general uprising of the country that would be sure to follow; and the other, that London should be girded with a line of fortresses a mile apart, and each garrisoned by five thousand soldiers. But we have not heard a whimper from the most bellicose of a counter-invasion; there is no talk of carrying the war into Africa; their brightest hope, their loftiest ambition will be satisfied with repelling invaders. We fear there are no Scipios in England now-a-days.

OPENING OF THE FALL TRADE.

The Summer season is over; the pleasure seekers who have been rusticating at the watering places have returned to city life and city business; the thoroughfares have become as populous as ever; the warehouses and stores are plethoric with goods of all kinds; the columns of the daily and weekly press are rapidly filling up with advertisements, and, in a word, the Fall trade may be said to have commenced. There may be still a few stray men of business loitering at the Summer resorts, but even they too will soon come back to the Metropolis and resume their old office chairs or their well-known posts on 'change and in the financial artery of the city—Wall street. Now, all this is as it should be, and we have no doubt that those who have been enjoying themselves at the various Springs, or at the numerous watering places, are thoroughly satisfied, and, having laid in a good stock of health, are prepared to resume business with renewed vigor.

There is a general and well-founded impression that the trade of the present Fall will exceed that of any season for years past. This impression is based upon the abundant harvest with which the agricultural labor of the country has been blessed and also upon the fact that the great surplus of foreign manufactured goods which was left on the hands of dealers by the financial revulsion and panic of 1857–8 has disappeared and left the market open for a large supply. In fact, notwithstanding the large amount of goods of various kinds that have been imported into the country during the present year, our merchants find it a difficult task to meet the demands of their customers, and in some instances have been unable to fill up their orders. This is certainly a promising condition of things, and the prospect is rendered still more cheering by the fact that the Great West has only commenced sending in its orders to our market. Our trade with the South is particularly active at present, and our hotels are literally crowded with Southern purchasers, who have long orders to fill up and long purses to pay for what they want.

The impulse which has been given to all branches of business in New York is, as we have intimated, evident on every hand, and is particularly noticeable in the limited amount of unemployed labor that is to be found at present in the city. Our great thoroughfare, which it would seem is never destined to be finished, is almost barricaded with building materials, and will be embellished this year with some of the finest buildings that have been erected either here or elsewhere. No expense is spared in the erection of our warehouses and stores, and the taste for their embellishment is carried to an almost extravagant extent. However, it seems to be a part of our business enterprise, and it certainly must pay, or our merchants, who are farfamed for their business tact and shrewdness, would not indulge in it as a useless expense. But it is not only on our great thoroughfare that we witness this activity in building operations; it is to be seen throughout the whole city, and those miserable localities which are still, to a great extent, the abodes of abject poverty and crime, have been invaded, and under the material influence of trade, are rapidly changing their appearance. Within less than five minutes' walk of our office, warehouses, which may justly be called magnificent, are springing up on the sites of wretched tumble-down shanties, that were formerly the dwellings of thieves and burglars, and other outcasts of society. This is being accomplished by the onward march of trade, which is erecting marble palaces in all our principal thoroughfares, and the wonderful effects of which are to be seen in the rows of palatial mansions that extend along our great avenues. Revulsions, although attended with injurious consequences for the time being, hardly appear to check this wonderful growth, of the city which, in a quarter of a century, has almost quadrupled its population, and undergone a corresponding increase in size. The last one from which we have emerged would seem to have been already forgotten, but it is to be hoped the lesson which it inculcated has not been without its good results. The inflation of our credit system, and the unhealthy action which was given to speculation, could not have ended otherwise. It is to be hoped that both country purchasers and wholesale dealers will bear this in mind, and that in their transactions they will not allow their expectations of realizing rapid fortunes to get ahead of their better judgment, and that matter-of-fact common-sense policy which should govern and control every man of business.

[OFFICIAL.]

In addition to the appointments published in the RECORD of last week, the Most Rev. Archbishop has appointed Rev. Joseph P. Woods Second Assistant Pastor of the Cathedral, and Rev. Peter Farrell Assistant Pastor of St. Bridget's church.

ELEMENTS OF FUTURE TROUBLE IN EUROPE.—A new cause of quarrel between England and France has sprung up quite recently, and is likely to increase the ill-feeling which at present prevails between the two nations. This has its origin in the statement that the King of the Belgians has been induced, by the Government of Great Britain, to increase the fortifications of Antwerp, which, from its position, may be regarded as the key of Europe, and which, in the hands of England or a power friendly to her, would become perhaps the most important position, in a military point of view, on the Continent. The Paris press give the greatest prominence to the subject, and such has been the effect of their articles upon it, that the financial operations of the Bourse were seriously affected thereby.

It is believed that the question of the proposed fortifications will enter into the diplomatic arrangements of France and England, and that it may eventually be converted into a *casus belli*. This, with the subject of the fortifications at Gibraltar, would be sufficient, in the hands of a ruler more fraternally disposed to England than Louis Napoleon, to bring about a war.

The question of the Italian Confederation is becoming more and more complicated every day, and less capable of an easy solution.

The ill feeling between Prussia and Austria appears to be on the increase, and although the Government of both countries are doubtless averse to a war, the most bitter feeling of hostility prevails in their respective armies.

In all this there would certainly seem to be the prolific elements of a future sanguinary struggle in Europe.

The Most Rev. Archbishop of New York, the Most Rev. Archbishop of Santiago de Chili, and the Right Rev. Dr. Lynch, Bishop of Charleston, were present at high mass in the Cathedral last Sunday. The sermon was preached by the Right Rev. Dr. Lynch.

LITERATURE.

SUMMER PICTURES: FROM COPENHAGEN TO VENICE. By Henry M. Field, author of "The Irish Confederates and the Rebellion of 1798." New York: Sheldon & Co.

If all travelers were as candid and unprejudiced as the author of this volume, a book of travels might present a reliable daguerreotype of foreign lands. The general run of travelers, however, enter a country with foregone conclusions, determined to see only what tallies with their prejudices, and to shut their eyes resolutely to any and everything that jars against their inclinations or pre-conceived ideas. No class of writers incur heavier responsibilities than travelers, and no man who does not understand the full significance of that divine commandment. "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," should undertake to give the world an account of his wanderings in foreign lands. To malign an individual is bad enough, but to slander a people is all but unpardonable. Yet what else are the highly colored accounts of adventures in narrow Italian streets with hired bravos, or the exciting escapes from Austrian prisons, or the clever dodgings of French *mouchards* that add such charms to the pages of romance loving travelers. Or, perhaps, they are but the shading that gives relief and effect to the whole, and, if so, Summer Pictures, it must be confessed, are sadly deficient. We fear Mr. Field would travel through Spain without falling in with a bandit.

Leaving America in the May of last year, our author was in time to visit the Atlantic Telegraph Squadron before it started from Plymouth. Thence he went to London, heard Dickens read his Christmas Carol, of which, by the way, he gives a vivid description. Got a near view of the famous Spurgeon, than whom "never had a public speaker a more unpromising exterior," being "very short and very fat, and altogether what we should call *chubby*," looking in fact more "like an over-grown boy than a full-developed man," but with whom, nevertheless, he is highly pleased. From England our traveler hastened to France, through picturesque Normandy, with its grand old castles and quaint old cities rich in historic associations, and haunted by the presence of the Past. The improvements in Paris next claimed his attention, and in reference to these, he observes:

"Immense labor and expense have been devoted to the embellishment of the capital. The whole city seems to be in a process of reconstruction. I see here more opening of new streets, more tearing down of old houses, and more building of new ones, than in New York. The old parts of Paris, where the streets were the narrowest, and the houses the highest, and the population the densest and the poorest, have been pierced by long and broad avenues. The new Boulevard of Sebastopol has been cut right through the heart of Paris, connecting the opposite banks of the Seine, and the northern and southern divisions of the city. Whole blocks of decayed rookeries, which had been the refuge of squalid misery for generations, have been swept away, and given place to open squares, with gardens, and trees, and fountains. The great work of connecting the Palace of the Tuileries with the Louvre, which several sovereigns have attempted, has at last been completed, and the Rue de Rivoli, the magnificent street of arcades, which before skirted the garden of the Tuileries, has now been extended through the whole length of Paris. One of the blocks, which was removed in these changes, is now occupied by our hotel, the Grand Hotel de Louvre, which almost merits a description by itself, as one of the public edifices of Paris. It is probably the finest hotel in Europe. It occupies a whole square, facing the New Louvre on one side, and the Palais Royal on the other. Our room looks out upon the Rue de Rivoli; the Louvre is just across the street, and the Tuileries but a few rods distant. We step out of our windows on the balcony, and our view reaches eastward to the Hotel de Ville, and beyond to the column which marks the place of the Bastille, and westward over the trees of the Champs Elysees, to where the setting sun lights up the Arch of Triumph. Still beyond lies the Bois de Boulogne, the favorite drive of the Parisians, which has been laid out anew and greatly embellished, to which thousands are pouring out at this hour to enjoy a walk or ride amid lawns, and lakes, and woods.

"Another improvement is projected, which will give the city still grander proportions. It is the enlargement of the walls to nearly double their present circumference."

This end is to be attained by extending the city limits to embrace the ban lieue or region without the walls, which has become the resort of the worst characters in Paris:

"At one stroke it will nearly double the area within the walls, giving the city a diameter of from seven to nine miles, and increasing the population from twelve to sixteen hun-

dred thousand souls! Those who have projected this vast expansion of the capital, have laid out the new plan of Paris on a scale of magnificence well fitted to dazzle the Imperial imagination. Thus the city is to have ninety-eight gates, the number of portals to ancient Thebes, and the design would seem to be to recall the grandeur of ancient Babylon or of imperial Rome.

"These changes are fast making Paris the most splendid capital in Europe. And yet it is easy to see that they have been made with an eye to something more than beauty. They are designed also for a military purpose. Almost every new square has a huge barrack frowning over it. Every public edifice has a wide space cleared around it, so that it could be occupied by troops, and the people could have no means of approach, and no shelter in case of attack. Thus the Hotel de Ville, the seat of the municipal government of Paris, which in every revolut on is the great centre to be gained, has been completely isolated from other buildings, while in front, the opposite side of the Place de Greve is occupied by edifices devoted to offices of State, and in the rear has just been erected a line of barracks, and both these ranges of buildings communicate with the Hotel de Ville by subterranean passages, so that the whole could be turned into a vast fortress in the very heart of the city. The thick and populous quarters, which have been the hotbeds of conspiracy and insurrection, are now intersected by great avenues which could easily be swept by artillery; and they are so separated from each other, that, in case of an emeute, any faubourg or infected district could be surrounded with troops and girdled with fire. The main streets, too, have been macadamized, and the large paving stones which made such formidable barricades, have been taken away from the reach of future insurgents."

Our traveler wanders through Germany, Holland and Denmark; admires the solid comforts of one, and the simple manners of the other; passes through the free towns and petty courts of Germany; describes the art galleries of Dresden, the military capital of Prussia and Vienna, "standing on the confines of the great Moslem power a bulwark of Christendom against the Turk, against whose walls the wave of Moslem fanaticism rolled and broke." One could not pass through Vienna without referring to the Sovereign and his family, who are universally beloved. But let our author speak:

"The present Imperial Family is popular, at least here in the capital; and, if one can trust the common reports of their private life, deservedly so. I had heard Kossuth speak of Francis Joseph as a "young Nero," and, of course, had formed but a low opinion of one who had so early stained his hands with the blood of Italian and Hungarian patriots. Nor do I refer now to his political course. No doubt he preserves all the traditions of his race, the proud house of Hapsburg, and clings to power, and would combat revolution as fiercely as any despot. But personally, so far as I can learn, though of a temper somewhat quick and violent, his character is worthy of respect. He is married to a Princess of Bavaria, and in his devotion to his wife is a pattern to his people. It was not a cold-blooded state alliance, but a pure love match; and the Royal couple seem to be as fond of each other as any less exalted lovers. They are both domestic in their tastes, and prefer each other's society to all the gaieties of the court. Though compelled to assume some degree of state, yet, for royal personages, nothing could be more unostentatious than their style of life. In visiting the palace, we were surprised at the simplicity of the Imperial apartments, in such marked contrast to the magnificence of Versailles, or even to the show which surrounds the parvenu monarchy of Prussia. The court is now spending the summer at Laxenburg, a few miles from Vienna. It is a pretty country place, with pleasant walks, and trees, and fountains, but not to be compared to the princely seats of many English noblemen. So, in their way in living, they are very simple. Though compelled by their position to take the lead of the court, to receive the foreign Ambassadors and ministers of the government, and distinguished foreigners, yet, strange as it may seem, the Emperor and Empress are not fond of society, but prefer a quiet, domestic life. No one can hear the stories which are told of their family circle, without feeling a deep interest in this young couple, so exalted in their station, yet so simple in their tastes, and so happy in their love.

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"This simplicity of manners is a feature of the Austrian Court, and does much to soften the rigor of the Imperial rule. Though the government is an absolute monarchy, the distance between the sovereign and the subject is not so great as in England. The Kaiser mingles more freely and familiarly with his people. The old Archduke John, the uncle of the Emperor, walks about the Prater, talking to the people, and patting children on their heads. This familiarity does not diminish respect, but awakens attachment. All love the simple, good old man. Royal condescension gives to the sovereign of the country something of a paternal character in the eyes of his people, and leads them to look up to him with an awe mingled with affection."

The railway that connects Vienna with her provinces on the Adriatic, passes over the Julian Alps, and opens to the traveler's fascinated gaze stupendous mountain scenery:

"Of all the heights scaled by fire-drawn cars, this is the loftiest and the dizziest which I have seen, either in Europe or America. What would Hannibal, what would Napoleon say, to a railroad over the Alps? It was one of the greatest achievements of the Emperor to have built a macadamized highway over the Simplon. But a modern engineer has shown that the same dizzy heights are not inaccessible by the iron road, and the steam car goes flying along the edge of precipices, over yawning abysses, through tunnels bored under mountains, at a height of three thousand feet above the level of the sea. This is the highest railway in the world. The grandeur of the ride surpasses all description. When once the road becomes involved in the mountains, it turns and twists in all directions, as if seeking some means of escape; now creeping along the bed of a mountain torrent, now winding far around the side of a mountain to seek a higher level, then leaping over frightful chasms, and rushing on to the summit where the clouds sit—to the very home of the thunder. In these perpetual windings, a new landscape is presented at every moment. A thousand scenes pass before the eye, at once impossible to describe or forget. It should be added, that the road itself is built in a manner to last for ages. It is the proudest monument which a powerful government could erect."

Mr. Field adds a chapter to his book for the express purpose of defending the domestic character of the French people, and he does it so earnestly, and withal so truly, that we must make a short extract.

"What charming gaiety was there, what cordial manners, what hearty kindness, what true domestic affection and happiness! Those were golden hours. Here, then, I exclaimed, is the proof that there is no domestic life in France! All I can ask for my countrymen is, that their hills and vallies may be dotted all over with spots as bright and green.

"This is not an isolated case. It is but a fair specimen of what may be found everywhere in France, in this upper middle class. The same tender affection, the same devotedness to each other, the same constancy and truth, are the light of ten thousand happy homes.

"It is rather hard that the French should be accused of want of heart, for the very reason that they have so much politeness of manner. Because they *show* more than others, they are thought to *feel* less. As if a churlish exterior were the only proof of sturdy integrity. Or as if a man could not be gentle in word and true in heart.

"I observed here, what I have remarked in many other cases, that in a French family there is a much closer sympathy of parents with children than with us. They give up more of their time to amuse and instruct them. In America a man of business works so hard and comes home so jaded, that he has no spirit for anything but to read his paper, smoke his cigar, and roll into bed. A French father makes a better economy of life. He works hard, too, during the day, but not to the point of utter exhaustion. He keeps a little strength for his home. And when he enters that enchanted circle, and shuts the door, he shuts the world behind him. Then, Begone, dull care! Then the children have full liberty to romp and climb up the father's knee, and gaiety and cheerful enjoyment rule the hour."

The descriptions of Holland and Denmark are very interesting, as is also that of Bohemia, where the saddest thing the writer beheld was "the decline and almost utter extinction of Protestantism," "in the far East of Europe, where the Reformation had its first dawn, and alas! its earliest night." That Protestantism is dying out in Bohemia we very well know, but so is it all over Germany, where Irvingism, and neo-Lutheranism, and rationalism, prevails; where men, rather than not have a positive belief, rush into Judaism, where Uhlich preaches "that truth is only what we can see with our eyes and comprehend with our minds," adding that "the name Materialist does not terrify us; we unhesitatingly adopt it." If these are not marks of decline they must be the natural results of Protestantism. We are sorry our author does not give an account of Catholic Belgium and its people, who are certainly as free as their Protestant neighbors of Holland. As to the remark that "where Protestantism is the national religion one is pretty sure to find popular liberty" we will merely reply, that liberty which leaves the mind enslaved is but a sham, and the sooner recognized as such the better for humanity. "No where on earth, unless it be in the most despotic Asiatic empires, is there a more servile worship of rank. An American can hardly believe his senses when he sees the abasement of soul which seizes the middle classes in the presence of a lord. * * * Can anything be more degrading than a class spirit which thus eats out the manliness of the noblest minds, and which humbles the great middle class, which is a nation's glory and a nation's strength?" Of what Catholic country is this written? France? Austria? or Italy? No, England, where Protestantism is the "national religion." This is a sufficient reply.

However, though we may differ from the writer in matters of opinion, we unhesitatingly accept his matters of fact. What he has seen he sets down fairly, and this it is that gives value to a book of travels.

LIFE AND LIBERTY IN AMERICA; OR, SKETCHES OF A TOUR IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA IN 1857. By Charles Mackay, L.L.D., F. S. A., with ten Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A superficial account of a running tour over the States previously published under the title of "Transatlantic Sketches" in the columns of The Illustrated London News. They are full of the prejudices entertained by the writer, and will not add much to his reputation as a literary man or an acute observer. We have throughout the book snatches of poetry which we greatly prefer to the prose, and in the concluding chapter we have prosaic and poetical addresses—true literary incense—offered up by writers in our hemisphere to the distinguished poet of the Old World.

A LIFE FOR A LIFE. By the author of "John Halifax," "Olive," &c.; &c. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The plot of this story is disagreeable and unnatural, and not all Miss Mulock's genius can reconcile us to it. After the first shock, we recognize the same characteristics that pleased us in her previous productions—clearness of style and minute analysis of character.

AMERICAN WIT AND HUMOR ILLUSTRATED. By John McLenan. Harper & Brothers.

A collection of jests, anecdotes, and bonmots, that would force a cynic to laugh in spite of himself. Good as it is, however, it can't begin to compete with the Facetiæ of the RECORD.

GERALD FITZGERALD, THE CHEVALIER. By Charles Lever. New York: Harper & Bros.

In this volume we have the conclusion of the strange story of the last of the Stuarts.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW FOR JULY has an able article on the "State of the Navy," which, at the present moment, will be read with interest. The Edinburgh shares in the feeling of alarm that pervades all classes in England on the subject of French invasion, and its statistics prove that there are sufficient grounds for the feeling. The invulnerability of the navy, its superiority to everything else that floats, is an important dogma of the national faith of England. This was a creed which every man believed—to which there were no dissenters. Secure in this faith, England has slumbered fearlessly for ages, and woke only to feel her ocean sceptre slipping from her relaxing grasp. As the very existence of the British Empire depends upon her naval supremacy, it is no wonder that a stone flung at her wooden walls should reverberate from every corner of the Island. No wonder that parliamentary discussion should turn upon the subject, or that public meetings should grow eloquent on it, or the periodical press recur to it again and again. But it is worthy of remark that no one thinks of denying the fact. Dailies, weeklies, monthlies, and quarterlies, however they may differ in other respects, admit it. They may look at it from different points of view, account for it in different ways, and throw the responsibility upon different parties, but its reality they do not call in question. The writer in The Edinburgh dwells upon the miserably inefficient way in which the naval department is managed—the change in naval tactics effected by the introduction of steam, assimilating it to the other arm of the service—the difficulty of procuring sailors, and getting the fleet into ship-shape—and the absurd system of paying off vessels and turning crews adrift after a campaign—about as sensible a plan as a man selling his carriages and horses after every ride, and buying others when he felt disposed to go out again. Speaking of the difficulty experienced in manning the national ships, the reviewer says:

"Sir John Packington stated to the House of Commons, last February, that many of the finest ships in the navy recently commissioned had remained in the harbor four, and even six months, before they completed their crews; thus the 'Renown' was detained 172 days for this purpose, and the 'Marlborough' 129 days—this delay causing, of course, an enormous expense and the inefficiency of the ships. To meet this evil the admiralty resorted in May last, to the very questionable expedient of a bounty by her Majesty's proclamation; but though the bounty was high, able seamen have come in but slowly, and the difficulty is not overcome. Upon the appearance of the Queen's proclamation, the French government instantly, but silently, called out an additional levy of ten thousand seamen, who joined their ships in a fortnight."

The last sentence is significant, and the article is full of facts and comparisons equally significant and striking. It will repay perusal. The other articles are excellent. Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," about which there is such a diversity of opinion among critics, is favorably reviewed.

THE HARP; AN IRISH CATHOLIC MAGAZINE.—This magazine goes on steadily improving, and we doubt not it is winning its way into public favor. Making known, as it does, the history of the nation and the heroism of her sons, it should be welcomed by every Irishman who prizes national records, or is jealous of national honor. "The Treaty of Limerick" describes, in energetic language, the story of revolting cruelty and bad faith that ended with the flight of the Wild Geese to France, Austria, and Spain. The stories are interesting, the miscellany and translations well chosen, and the poetry spirited, patriotic and original.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE FOR SEPTEMBER.—The strangest and most noticeable feature in this month's issue is the introduction of a political article into the Magazine. We know not whether this is an exceptional case, or the beginning of a new era in periodical literature. The article we allude to is from the pen of one of our most eminent statesmen, and gives us his views on "Popular Sovereignty in the Territories" very fully, under his own signature—Stephen A. Douglas. In addition to this novel attraction, we have illustrated articles on "Panama," "The Adirondac Woods and Waters," and "Diamonds," which are every way interesting.

CATHOLIC LIBRARY MAGAZINE FOR SEPTEMBER.—This ably edited periodical has enlarged its dimensions, and starts on a new career with the brightest of prospects, which all true friends of Catholic literature will desire to see realized. It is just the kind of magazine that ought to succeed, and if it don't under its present talented management, its failure will be a reflection on the literary taste and judgment of the Catholic reading public. We have said it has been enlarged, and we trust its success will be such as to enable its editor to add still further to its size. As it is, however, it is one of the best, most interesting, and spirited periodicals in the country. The first article on Catholicity and Civilization is deserving of special attention.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE FOR AUGUST is unusually interesting and varied. "The Conflict of the Schools" describes the works of the different artists now on exhibition in London in a manner not over-laudatory. The concluding article on "The Peace—What is it?" gives us Louis Napoleon's programme for the next cycle of events, and a key to his actions which will perpaps enable some one to decypher the Sphynx of the Nineteenth Century. Fiction is fully represented in this number; "The Haunted and the Haunters; or, the House and the Brain," is one of these wild stories of prolonged existence that have a strange fascination for young and old. There is another attack in this number on Macauley's veracity as an historian which, from the importance of the subject and the eminence of the individual attacked, commands attention.

THE LADIES' AMERICAN MAGAZINE FOR SEPTEMBER.—This number possesses the usual amount of interesting reading matter, fashions for the Fall, and fancy work.

BOYS AND GIRLS OWN MAGAZINE.—This number is full of interesting matter for children. The magazine must be a great favorite with the little folk.

OUR MUSICAL FRIEND.—Just the friend that is always welcome—pleasant to see, and pleasanter yet to hear.

We are gratified to learn that the notice which we have given in THE RECORD of Agnecheek, an interesting book published by Shepard, Clark and Brown of Boston, has induced some of our Western readers to send for it by mail, and they are so much pleased with it, as all who read it will be, that they are about to order a large number of copies.

THE GREAT OVATION TO THE HEROES OF THE ITALIAN WAR.

Grand Triumphal Entry of the French Army into Paris.

The following exceedingly interesting account of the triumphal entry of the French Emperor and his victorious legions on the 13th of August into Paris is from the correspondent of The London Morning Post, who appears to have been carried away by the magnificence of the spectacle which he has so graphically described. It must certainly have been a splendid scene:—

FIRST MOVEMENT OF THE TROOPS.

As early as six o'clock the Boulevards were animated by a moving crowd, going backwards and forwards to take up their position all along the line of road from the Rue de la Paix, the Faubourg St. Antoine, up to Vincennes, a distance of not less than five miles. The infantry of the National Guard of the Seine and the troops of the garrison of Paris lined the road on either side up to the Bastile.

At a very early hour this morning the troops encamped at St. Maur and the adjoining ground at Maison Alfort (amounting to little short of 80,000) were on the move, and taking up positions according to orders, by which arrangement they fell into the long and glittering stream, which poured in martial pride through the city. The head of the columns had reached the Place de Bastile about nine o'clock. There were the five Marshals, viz.: Regnaud de St. Jean d'Angely (Commandant en Chef), Barraguay d'Hilliers, McMahon (Duke of Magenta), Canrobert, and Niel. In addition to the Emperor's staff there mustered a number of generals and various officers of different branches of the service, who awaited the arrival of his Majesty.

HOW THE EMPEROR WAS RECEIVED—ENTHUSIASM OF THE PEOPLE.

Looking down the Boulevard one observed a moving dark mass of human beings, fringed and kept in line by military uniforms; from the crowd came a pausing, confused sound of mingling voices, with which the ear became so familiar after a time that you forgot its singular effect. From every window groups of gaily dressed ladies were stretching out to catch a sight of the head of the columns, having waited since eight o'clock with much anxiety. The roofs of the houses were covered with spectators; even on the chimneys men had perched themselves. The reader must now imagine himself at a balcony of the Boulevards, with a bright sun, and hundreds of thousands anticipating the approach of the troops. It is ten o'clock; the guns have announced the departure of the army from the camp nearly two hours since, and we on the Boulevard des Italiens have not yet caught a glimpse of the advancing troops.

A more distinct murmer is heard—the crowd below become more agitated—the dense masses are on tip-toe. It is now drawing towards eleven o'clock, and a squadron of the Cent Gardes appear. Then from the streets a loud shout is heard, *Vive l'Empereur!* There is the hero of Solferino, on a magnificent charger, surrounded by his staff (General Fleury being close at hand); showers of bouquets are thrown around the Emperor; the people shout again and again, and from the windows of the balconies wave thousands of handkerchiefs. The Emperor halts before the window from which I am describing the scene around me (at the end of the Boulevard des Italiens) for nearly ten minutes, during which period he was enthusiastically cheered. When his Majesty and staff move on, one deafening shout salutes him, and we catch a sight of the wounded.

TROPHIES OF THE VICTORIOUS ARMY.

Thus, amid the shouts of the people, the victorious army moved on to the beat of the drum, or the measured music of the bands. It was a scene of great animation and excitement. It is now eleven o'clock; as I am writing the troops are still passing and will continue to do so up till two o'clock. On comes the guard. At the battle of Solferino the riflemen of the guard, which formed the head of the column of light infantry, distinguished itself so much, capturing a color and several pieces of artillery, that the Emperor gave them the cross of the Legion of Honor to be attached to their eagles.

Some colors taken from the enemy have been greeted with joyous enthusiasm; and now the Austrian cannon are greeted with the shouts of the multitude. Now come the Turcos, who attract great attention. They and the Zouaves are tremendously cheered.

THE TURCOS.

There is something romantic about these Turcos; they do not appear to be made by nature, or dressed by art, for ordinary soldiering. They are Arabs of many tints, from light bronze to dark bronze, and occasionally you see a shiny black face with thick lips and woolly hair, indicating a low order of humanity. But generally the Turcos' features are sharp, delicate, and often showing a very refined outline. The eye is bright, restless and piercing. They have little hair about their faces; in fact the Oriental custom of shaving the head is generally carried down to the chin. They wear a white turban, rolled with great art, like the Zouaves. Their uniform consists of a Greek-like jacket and wide bag trowsers of light blue cloth, decorated with Oriental yellow scrolling. Their trowsers reach a little below the knee; then comes a leather legging and white gaiters. There is a remarkable elasticity in their walk and an easy swing of body. During the late campaign they were often employed in desperate work, generally storming. They spring upon their enemies like panthers, after crawling on the ground a long distance before they get up to them. The bayonet is their favorite arm, and they are said to use it with a rapidity of action far surpassing European troops. The Turco is charged with the cruel practice of cutting off the heads of the wounded; he is also accused of appropriating other people's property when occasion occurs—in fact, these men are savages turned into soldiers, and made useful by a most severe discipline. The Turcos are to return to Algeria immediately.

THE SCENE AT THE PLACE VENDOME.

Wreathed and garlanded with laurel, which hung in festoons among the leaves with floods of purple velvets, embroidered with bees, ciphers and crowns, with a purple circus reaching to the first story built to accommodate some 25,000 people, with golden poles and many colored streamers flaunting from the base of the majestic column which is its chief ornament, the old familiar Place Vendome, of quiet and almost gloomy memory, could hardly be recognized.

No one discusses the rights or wrongs of peace or war. All are there with one object to welcome back the children of France who fought the fight and never stopped in the career of victory. All are there to cheer the soldier, to make his home bright. Ladies come with two bouquets, their attendant cavalier being laden with three wreaths, two more bouquets, several laurel branches, and, in fact, as much as he can carry to please *la belle*. Among the crowd there are the old portress, the hard working needle-woman, the maidservant, the banker's daughter and laborer's sister; sometimes the soldier's child, all with beaming face, and some little tribute—now a rose or two—now a frail cheap wreath, bought with the hard-earned wages—and now a penny tricolor; but all with something to throw, with a tear and a blessing to the brave; perhaps to rush forward and stick it in his musket, or pin it on his breast. Oh, what a feast of the heart. All the floodgates of human feeling are unloosed, and run in bright channels this glorious day. It would have made the heart of a Sterne burst with the fullness of sentiment. Well, our crowd in the Place was thus animated, and passed its hours of expectation, diverted only by the arrival of dignitaries of the Court, or the passage of generals with their glittering staffs.

THE WAY THE PEOPLE GREETED THE IMPERIAL FAMILY.

Presently, at ten o'clock, the roll of cheering flows up the Rue de Castiglione, and reaches us. The cry is "Vive l'Imperatrice!" it is caught up, and every one rises and re-echoes it as the popular and beautiful Eugenie passes with her child to the balcony prepared for her and her Court, on the west side of the Place. "They will soon be here," is now said, and every one grows nervous. Again a cheer rises—the little Prince Imperial has run forward on the balcony, and he is seen by the multitude in his uniform as corporal in the Imperial Guard. Every glass is fixed on the lovely child, who is now a fine little fellow with a curly head of hair, and a charming animated manner. After the dozen tender epithets always given to pretty children, the fever of impatience again seizes the crowd and the minutes seem long. Suddenly an electric shock runs through all. The first faint roar is heard rolling down the Boulevards. Down it comes toward us, down the Rue de la Paix, increasing in volume till it bursts in a tumult of sound, "Here they are!" The Cent Gardes, the escort, wheel to one side—a few seconds more, and the Emperor appears, a solitary horseman on his charger, saluting the shouting people. They are throwing flowers and garlands in his path, and the vault rings with the noise of many mouths—one voice—"*Vive l'Empereur!*"—a shout so long and loud that it might wake the sleeper in the Invalides. On he comes, saluting, then rides to beneath the Empress's balcony, and salutes her; then turns to review the army of Italy. He is in undress uniform, as he appeared in the field, and so will the whole army appear just as they have come from the wars. His majesty is followed by a small host of great ones, general and staff dignitaries; they go to the rear beneath the balcony, and the one horseman stands forward in front. All this is while the mighty sound continues in the distance—the shout of men in strong emotion.

THE WOUNDED OF THE ARMY OF ITALY—THRILLING SCENES.

Here let me once more recall to you the vastness of the scene, which you must bear in mind you cannot see all at once. First you see vaguely the distant object, then understand what it is. Well, you hear the waves of sound of a strangely thrilling nature rolling in on you, and then from the Rue de la Paix come moving masses, all green; all around you cheer. On comes the mass, and you distinguish the moving men, covered with wreaths and garlands. But in the distance, at the entrance, you see the waving kerchiefs on a sudden more sharply waved. You see arms suddenly thrown up; you see a more fierce excitement seize the crowd; there is almost a shriek in the cheer that comes from that end of the Place. "Why?" The mass comes nearer. Ah! there are no bayonets, no muskets; nearer, you see the men distinctly; they are limping, bent, hurt; they are the wounded of the army. Then a shout from the men, and sharp sympathetic cries from the women. Poor fellows! They pass the Emperor, they turn their faces to him. "Vive l'Empereur!" one waves his arm—his one arm; another stops to wield his crutch; those nearest to Napoleon throw at his feet the green decorations which the people gave. On they come, more and more of them, and "Vive l'Empereur!" and now they pass us closely. How the women crane towards them! poor fellows. Such yellow faces! Such lines of suffering; thin forms—strong men maimed, pulled down, wrecked. They march in companies with their officers, all wounded too. See that tall fellow! that young officer of the Guard, with the Gardoni face, that his mother loves and some sweet Marie or Lucille adores—see, he has lost both arms—a cry of pain is about us. "See him, see him," yet he walks proudly, his coat slung from his broad shoulders. He sees the eyes bent on him. With a glance he acknowledges the sympathy, suddenly he steps towards us with his full face glowing with fire, and cries with such a brave enthusiasm, true as his valor, noble as his suffering, such a clear strong voice—voice from his heart—"Vive la France!" "Vive l'Empereur!" and waving kerchiefs, and hats taken off, respond with the loud cry, "Vive la France!" "Vive l'Empereur, and the mutilated man strides on, conscious of duty done and glory won. I cannot tell the pain and pride of that scene. Thousands passed by, all wounded, all so cheery in their suffering, saying in every look, "I am happy to suffer for my country, for the glory of France." Nor can I paint the gaze of the men spectators, nor can I convey the sympathy of the women's eyes. But deep sympathy was there; and they, the wounded, knew it, and it paid them for all they had undergone. Noble and glorious soldiers! but so many—wearily, so many—so many that the heart ached at the streaming columns of crippled heroes. At last they all passed by, and then came along the strains of military music, and regiment after regiment passed in review before their chief. Here again I cannot follow the programme, for it was not exact; and here again the greatness of the scene o'ertops my power of accurate story. For four hours, in broad column, the march never ceased.

THE GUARDS, THE ZOUAVES AND THEIR PETS.

The English present all caught the enthusiasm of the hour, and cheered right lustily "Vive la Garde," "Vive les Zouaves," "Vive la Lige," as successive regiments passed. No one thought of "Riflemen form," or of the possibilities of the future. Every man present felt a pride in the manly fellows who did such honor to their country,

The Guardsmen marched with superb precision—the line, too, gallantly and firmly. Then came the Zouaves, "les Zou-zong," jauntily, easily, "cockily," as if their long march from St. Maur were but a light morning's amusement. They look the perfection of "hard," "wiry," "beggars," up to anything, fierce of aspect; yet none, we knew, were more tender to the wounded friend or enemy than the redoubted Zouaves, who possessed in Austrian eyes, almost Satanic attributes. All the troops were laurel crowned, and none more greenly decorated than these Zouaves. Many regiments were accompanied by pets—one by a goat, another by a superb black grey hound—several by other dogs. The Zouaves had with them a most "canny" and Zou-zong dog. Like many of his patrons, he was evidently not up in the knowledge of his parentage—no mastiff, no terrier, no bull dog, could be claimed for father, mother, aunt or uncle; yet he was undeniably "varmint." He, too, was garlanded, and carried a "wee" tri-color flag. As to his exploits in the field, the regiment which pets him may know them; but as to his performance immediately in the Emperor's presence, it is not the profane pen of your correspondent that shall describe its eccentric audacity. I can only say that it at once conveyed to my mind that he must directly or indirectly be descended from the dog of Launce, which did what the bard of Avon has not thought unworthy of record.

I should tell you that regiment after regiment cheered the Emperor, and halting before him, delivered its standard to the officers of the Cent Gardes. But how picture the enthusiasm of the multitude, as standard after standard was laid, in tatters, at Napoleon's feet! Such a tale of battle as was told by those flags—some on stumps of poles, mere ragged remnants of what had once been a huge silk banner! The people were never tired of cheering; and the women were, not to say it unfairly, intoxicated with the excitement.

THE OVATION TO MARSHAL MACMAHON ONLY SECOND TO THAT OF THE EMPEROR.

Can you picture the thrill that ran through the crowd as a veteran of the first Empire, with snow-white hair and beard, hobbled suddenly forward on his one leg and stump to give a laurel crown to the first grenadier of his own old regiment, which he had lived in to renew the deeds of his youth? Can you not fancy the cheer of soldiery and spectators when the little Imperial Prince, in his uniform of Corporal of the Guard, came down beside his father, and, being lifted up to him, evidently begged a favor; the favor was granted; Napoleon took the child in his arms and placed him on the saddle before him. How the place rang with the shout! How the grim soldiers smiled and looked delighted—kind hearts as they were. How they thought of the contrast of that scene with the storm of bullets at Solferino and Magenta. The Duke of Magenta (McMahon) was present with his division, and received an ovation only second to that of Napoleon; so also General Forey, the victor of the first battle in the recent campaign—Montebello. There were scores of other brave officers whose names I know not, but who were evidently great favorites. They received the homage of their fellow-citizens as became their various characters—some still and impassible, too modest or too stern to notice it—others radiant with joy, saluting and re-saluting the cheering crowd. The Austrian standards and forty Austrian guns were carried in triumphal procession amid the *vivas* of the populace, and then followed more divisions of the army. The passage of the troops began at a little past ten, and was over only just before three. They passed in deep column at a quick step, and numbered upwards of sixty thousand men. When one endeavors to realize to one's mind the fact that the French alone at Solferino numbered three times as many, and that the whole combatant force present at the battle must have been some eight times as large, it seems difficult to comprehend how such vast aggregations of humanity could by any means be manœuvred. The weather was superb up to two oclock, when some premonitory "heat drops" were followed by a severe shower, which wetted most of the spectators in spite of parasol and umbrella, and fairly drenched the Emperor and his staff. However, before all was over, a brilliant sun shone out again, displaying to advantage the magnificent show of cavalry which closed the march.

THE SPEECH OF THE EMPEROR TO HIS GENERALS.

On Sunday evening a grand banquet was giuen by the Emperor to the principal chiefs in the army. About three hundred persons were invited. At the close of the banquet the Emperor spoke as follows:—

"Gentlemen—The joy which I feel in finding myself again with most of the chiefs of the army of Italy would be complete if there were not mingled with it the regret of seeing the elements of a force so well organized and so formidable soon separated. As sovereign and as commander-in-chief, I again thank you for your confidence. It was flattering for me, who had not commanded an army, to find such obedience on the part of those who had great experience in war. If success has crowned our efforts, I am happy to attribute the greater part of it to those skilful and devoted generals who have rendered my command easy, because animated by a holy fire they have unccasingly set an example of duty and of contempt for death. Part of our soldiers are about to return to their homes; you yourselves are going to resume the occupations of peace. Do not forget, however, what we have done together. Let the remembrance of the obstacles surmounted, of the perils avoided, of the imperfections made manifest, often recur to your memory, since for every man of war remembrance is knowledge itself. In commemoration of the campaign of Italy I shall cause a medal to be distributed to all those who have taken part in it, and I wish that you may be to-day the first to wear it. May it sometimes recall me to your thoughts, and while reading the glorious names which are graven on it, may every one say to himself, 'If France has done so much for a friendly people, what would she not do for her independence? I drink the health of the army."

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC.

DIOCESE OF DUBUQUE—INTERESTING RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.—The Rt. Rev Bishop of Dubuque reached home from a visit to the sea shore on Friday evening, the 12th ultimo, and we are happy to learn that his health is much improved. A failure in Chicago to answer letters and telegraphic dispatches materially interfered with the programme adopted for his reception; but he was met, nevertheless, by a large concourse of people, and by delegations from the different societies, accompanied by a procession of little girls, who presented him with boquets of flowers. The bells of the several churches rang a merry peal, and the people seemed to evince as much joy at his arrival as if their good Prelate were absent for a year. Such is the attachment of the people to their Bishops and Priests in the West. On Sunday morning, the 14th instant, the good Bishop addressed the united societies of St. Vincent de Paul, and the Sodality of the B. V. M. in the Sodalist Chapel, on the incidents of his Eastern tour, and gracefully acknowledged the compliment paid to him by the Conference of St. Peters Church, New York. It being within the Octave of the Assumption, these societies united at Holy Communion that morning, to the great joy of the Bishop.

There was an interesting exhibition at the Santa Clara Academy of Benton, Wisconsin, sixteen miles from Dubuque, on the 30th July. The institution is conducted by the Nuns of the Order of St. Dominic. The young ladies acquitted themselves well in their various branches of study, and several rare specimens of painting and embroidery were exhibited; but our Dubuque correspondent arrived too late to take full notes, nor did he receive the programme which the Superior had promised. We regret this, as our correspondent went there out of pure regard for the institution, and solely for its benefit.

Unavoidable circumstances have also prevented us from receiving an account of the exhibition at St. Joseph's of the Prairie, Dubuque. We are assured that there is no institution in the West where such exhibitions are more interesting, nor where the young ladies give more practical illustrations of their proficiency in the various branches taught by the good Sisters of the Blessed Virgin. We learn that there is a fine farm for sale, consisting of three or four hundred acres, within a few rods of this flourishing Academy. And if any of our readers wish to emigrate to the West, they can find no more inviting place than Dubuque.

Edward Muller, from the house of Benziger Brothers of New York, has just opened a Catholic Book Store in Dubuque. He will keep English, Latin and French works constantly on hand, together with Statues, Pictures, Medals, and all descriptions of Church Furniture. Mr. Muller is agent for THE METROPOLITAN RECORD, and we wish him success in his enterprize. There is also a probability that a Catholic newspaper will be established in Dubuque during the coming Fall.

The Sisters of the Blessed Virgin are opening an Academy for the education of young ladies at Davenport, Iowa. They have had a large and very flourishing day school in that town for the last three years.

The Very Rev. Superior of the Vincentian Priests of the Mission in the United States, has spent a few days in Dubuque, and preached twice in St. Patrick's Church. We learn that all the Bishops of the Province of St. Louis have adopted St. Mary's Seminary of the Vincentian Fathers in Missouri, for the Theological education of their respective candidates for the Priesthood.

The new and fashionable Church, lately purchased from the Presbyterians of Burlington, Iowa, was consecrated to the service of the Catholic Church by the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Dubuque, on Sunday, the 21st ultimo. A large number of non-Catholics were in attendance, and they were delighted with the Bishops discourse.

The Rev. J. F. Brazil is less than a year in the flourishing town of Bellview, Iowa, and in that time he has erected a fine brick church, which contains eighty pews and an organ gallery. There are two large lots of ground attached to this church, and four acres at a convenient distance for a grave yard. No Priest was ever more beloved by his people than is Father Brazil. He has already converted and baptized six of the most respectable citizens of the place, and several more are likely to enter the fold of Christ at no very remote period.

A Protestant young lady was received into the Catholic Church at Dubuque, on the Anniversary of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, by the Rev. James B. Donelan. She was baptized and received her first communion on that day.

We are much pleased with the plan which the St. Vincent de Paul Society at Dubuque has adopted for the purpose of bringing children to Sunday School. Much good would follow the adoption of this or some similar plan in other places. The Society has divided the City into small districts for the convenience of collectors and visitors. The Secretary of the Sunday School Society reports to the St. Vincent de Paul Society the names of all children who happen to be absent. The parents are visited, the cause of absence is ascertained and reported on the next Sunday. Absolute refusal on the part of the parents is the only excuse taken. If the parents are willing that they should go, the children, whether male or female, are compelled to go, and taken by force, if necessary. The want of shoes or other clothing is not an excuse, for these are furnished by the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and fitted or made, when necessary, by the Catholic Ladies Sewing Society.

PRESENTATION OF AN ADDRESS AND A TESTIMONIAL TO THE REV. J. LEWIS, PASTOR OF ST. MARY'S, CLIFTON, S.I.—On Sunday evening, 21st ult., a committee appointed by the members of St. Mary's Church, Clifton, repaired to the residence of Rev. J. Lewis, and presented him with an address and a splendid Gold Watch, as a token of their affection and gratitude for his great services in the parish. The watch is one of Cooper's finest pieces, and cost $225, which amount was raised by small contributions amongst the congregation. This address was read and presented, with the watch, by Dr. J. Feeny, who spoke as follows:—

"*Reverend and dear Sir*—For several months past it has been our intention to express, in a formal and public manner, our long-cherished feelings of admiration for your high character as a man, and our love and gratitude towards you as our pastor. To carry out this intention we present ourselves before you this day, in the name of the congregation of St. Mary's Church.

"It is now seven years since you came amongst us. On your arrival here, you found no Catholic church, no settled congregation, and but little religious fervor. You had to form and build up everything alone; you began your noble and arduous task, and alone designed and completed this beautiful structure, in which the prayers of seven hundred souls ascend every seventh day to praise and bless the Author of their being. Can the people, then, for whose benefit you have labored, for whose salvation you have toiled, be insensible to those lasting obligations? No, sir. In us you behold their representatives; to us is deputed the great pleasure, the undeserved honor of presenting the expression of their gratitude, and offering this chronometer, not only as a token of their own obligations, but as a memento to you of the toils, the labors, the anxieties, and the troubles you have undergone during the past eventful years.

"But, sir, there is more than this. While regarding your labors in erecting our church, we cannot but appreciate your virtuous example, your deep learning, your eloquent discourses, and those happy and impressive lectures, to which even those of a different faith have listened with the deepest satisfaction.

"Accept then, revered and dear sir, this emblematic offering of the congregation of St. Mary's. You and we have to travel together the road to eternity—and as the hands on this dial mark the lapse and progress of time, so may our lives be marked by the union and devotional feeling that has hitherto subsisted between the people and their pastor."

Father Lewis made the following reply:—

"*Gentlemen*—When I first heard of your determination to present me with this testimonial, I hesitated whether I should accept; not that I thought I had not deserved it—this perhaps would have been affectation—but lest my receiving it might excite invidious remarks, and have the appearance of selfishness. Certain events, however, have made me overcome my first hesitation; and I accept now the beautiful present which you are pleased to offer me so kindly on the part of the congregation. I thank you most warmly for it. I beg to assure you that I appreciate the feelings which have prompted you to make it. I admire them—I thank you for them also.

"The costly time-piece I receive at your hands this day, I shall carry with me as long as I live. The daily use of it will constantly remind me, not only of your gratitude, but also of a pastor's duty to pray for his flock. It will encourage me to labor still more earnestly, that I may continue to merit your uninterrupted confidence and affection, and that I may have the happiness to see you one day in the enjoyment of eternal bliss."

[Richmond County Gazette.

THE SODALITY OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION LATIN SCHOOL, BOSTON.—We extract the following from The Boston Pilot, of the 27th of August:—This school, established by the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception of St. Mary's Parish, Endicot street, Boston, from which it takes its name, has been in existence for the past year. It was established to meet the urgent necessity of affording several members of the Association, whose vocation for a religious life seemed manifest, the means of obtaining the necessary preliminary education. Although founded more especially to supply the needs of the Sodality of St. Mary's, its number has been by no means confined to those belonging to that parish. The Sodality of the Assumption connected with the church of the Holy Redeemer, East Boston, has furnished five pupils during the year, and some have come from other parishes in the vicinity. All who have belonged were Sodalists, and none were admitted except such as were studying with the intention of entering the priesthood. Owing to the peculiar requirements of the case, Latin and Greek occupied the larger share of attention for the past year, and the progress shown to have been made at each examination proved that the purpose for which the school was founded, and the sanguine hopes entertained in regard to it by its friends, were fully realized. At the half yearly examination—end of first term—the school was examined by the Right Rev. Bishop, Fathers McElroy, Fitton, Healy, of the Cathedral, Donahoe and Wiget, Directors of the Sodality School, being present, and at the end of the year by the Rev. B. Villiger, Provincial of the Jesuits, Rev. Fathers McElroy, Steinbacher, and Wiget. The extent of the work performed, and its thoroughness, was such as to excite the surprise of the examiners, and evinces not only the large natural abilities, but also the diligence and application of the students. The school has been under the spiritual direction of Rev. B. Wiget, who has given weekly exhortations and advice, and at all times taken a fatherly interest in its success.

The following summary will give an idea of the work performed:

First class—Second year of study—in Latin. The whole of Cæsar's Commentaries, Æneid and Bucolics of Virgil, Latin Syntax and Prosody, Exercises in writing, Latin, Greek, Greek grammar, Fables of Æsop, Dialogues of Lucian in part.

Second class—First year of study. Latin grammar, one hundred pages of an elementary reading, the whole of Cæsar's Commentaries, Exercises in writing Latin, Greek grammar.

A LARGE REINFORCEMENT FROM BOSTON TO THE JESUIT ORDER IN FREDERICK, MD.—For the following letter we are indebted to The Boston Pilot of the 27th August:—On the evening of the 20th inst., I witnessed a touching scene in the vestry of St. Mary's Church, Endicot street. It was the usual meeting of the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception. Thirteen of the members took leave of their fellow Sodalists, all of these being about to set out for Frederick, Maryland, to enter the Jesuit Order. The vestry was crowded. Three of those who were about to take their departure, (Shurtleff, O'Brien, and McLoughlin,) addressed the meeting, explaining the nature of the religious life they were about to embrace, and the motives which actuated them. The feeling of the meeting seemed to be intense, especially when N. B. Shurtleff, Jr., who has endeared himself deeply to this Sodality, and I may say to the whole parish of St. Mary's, by his conduct during the past three years, spoke in his usual clear, distinct, and warm manner, of the reasons why he and his twelve companions were to embrace a life of poverty, chastity and obedience. His farewell in the name of the thirteen, and his earnest request to the whole Sodality to pray for their perseverance, was exceedingly moving. Earnest and fatherly was the address of the Rev. Director to these noble young men, encouraging them to persevere. The Prefect of the Sodality, Mr. John Doherty, was so affected that he could hardly return, in the name of the Sodality, its farewell. Mr. Shurtleff is a graduate of Harvard University, having received the degree of Bachelor of Arts at its last commencement. The other twelve have studied during the past year in the Sodality of the Immaculate Conception Latin School, under a most excellent Latin and Greek teacher, Mr. Michael Norton, graduate of Harvard College. They left Boston for Frederick on the 25th inst., accompanied by the Rev. Director of the Sodality, Bernardin F. Wiget, S. J. May they persevere in their noble and sublime undertaking, and by their example encourage others to obey the voice of the Lord—"Come and follow me."

ORDINATION IN THE DIOCESE OF LOUISVILLE.—On Thursday morning, 11th August, the Rt. Rev. Bishop of the Diocese held an ordination in the Cathedral of the Assumption, in which Brothers Pius Turner and Austin O'Brien, of the illustrious Order of St. Dominic, received Tonsure and Minor Orders. On the morning of the 12th these gentlemen were promoted to the Holy Order of Subdeaconship, and on the 13th, to that of Deaconship.

On the feast of the Assumption, they were ordained Priests; and at the solemn High Mass of that day, they officiated as Deacon and Subdeacon. They had performed their course of theological studies at the Convent of St. Rose, the oldest establishment of the Dominican Fathers in the United States.

[Louisville Guardian.

DEATH OF A PRIEST.—Rev. John D. Roche, pastor of Kenosha, Wisconsin, died on the 24th July, of disease of the heart. The deceased was honored and loved by the community. May he rest in peace. [Same paper.

CONFIRMATIONS, &c., IN THE DIOCESE OF CINCINNATI.—On Sunday, 14th August, the Archbishop officiated in St. Mary's and St. Peter's, Chillicothe. Fifty-four, chiefly of the youth of the congregation of St. Mary's, and sixty-eight of St. Peter's were confirmed. After Vespers and Benediction at St. Peter's, the Cemetery of the English-speaking Catholics was solemnly blessed. The good practice exists in the two congregations of Chillicothe of using no carriages at funerals, and of saying the Rosary and other prayers for the departed while they accompany their mortal remains to the grave.

On Sunday evening, the Archbishop and Rev. Clergy visited by request, the hospitable residence of General Worthington, one of the most beautiful sites in Ohio, and enjoyed a boat-ride on a large artificial lake, which, with a view to the health of the neighborhood, as well as for ornament, the General formed of the waters of what was once a swamp. The choirs of the two churches sang hymns on the moon-lit waters.

Monday morning, Feast of the Assumption, after Masses in the churches and the chapel of Notre Dame, carriages to Circleville, rail-car to Lancaster, which place we reached at noon. Right Rev. Bishop J. M. Young, of Erie, had just finished a Solemn Pontifical Mass, assisted by the Rev. Pastor, Henry Lange, and Rev. Messrs. Edelin and Bokel, the former Prior of the Dominicans at St. Joseph's, and the latter Pastor of Holy Trinity Church, Somerset. The day previous the Bishop confirmed forty-five persons. There was confirmation in the same church last year. The zealous Bishop preached on Sunday and Monday, and Rev. Mr. Bokel addressed the German portion of the congregation in their own tongue.

At 3 o'clock P. M., the Archbishop presided at Vespers. After Vespers the Bishop of Erie, assisted by the clergymen already named, and Messrs. Lieb, Hemsteger and Duffy, blessed the corner-stone of the new church, after which the Archbishop preached. At intervals during the ceremony, a band of music played some enlivening airs, and at its close, a military company discharged a volley of musketry, which took the assembly pretty much by surprise. The worthy captain of the company, we understand, exhorts occasionally, in the Methodist Church.

The new church will be, from out to out, 152 by 70 ft. Height of walls, 39 ft. 6 in.; of ceiling of principal aisle, 54 ft. The handsome sum of $12,000 has been already subscribed by sixty-three names. It is not quite a score of years since the present church, a very respectable edifice, was erected. Lancaster deserves well of Religion and society by its generosity to the Orphans, the Seminary and the Church. Two natives of the city are now enrolled among the Alumni of the Diocesan Preparatory Seminary.

[Cincinnati Telegraph, Aug. 20.

Right Rev. Dr. Grace, lately ordained Bishop of St. Paul, Minnesota, arrived at that place on Friday, the 29th July. On his arrival he was met by the Catholic citizens of St. Paul, who escorted him to the Cathedral.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH, WASHINGTON.—A large addition, says the Baltimore Mirror of the 27th ult., is being made to this church, under the pastoral care of Rev. Mr. Knight, and when completed, many of those wanting pews may be accommodated.

DEATH OF A SISTER OF CHARITY.—On Saturday evening last, the 20th inst., Sister Cyprian was accidentally killed near Baltimore, on the Westminster road. She was born in Adams County, Pa., had been twenty-seven years a Sister of Charity, and was aged about fifty years. She had been for some time connected with the Mount Hope Hospital in this city, but at the time of her sudden death was among those Sisters who are superintending the opening of the new Mount Hope Hospital.

about six miles from the city. When this sad accident occurred she was returning home from Baltimore in a private conveyance, and the horse commencing to run away, she jumped out, and falling upon her head was instantly killed. Her corpse was taken to the city Mount Hope, from which her funeral took place on the following Monday morning. May she rest in peace. [Balt. Mirror, Aug. 27.

RELIGIOUS RECEPTION.—On the 15th ult., at the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, St. Xavier, Latrobe, Misses Stecker, M'Cue and M'Govern, received the White Veil and the habit of the Order of Mercy, from the hands of Rev. Peter Arnoudt, S. J., of Cincinnati, assisted by Rev. Jerome Kearney. The Rev. Father delivered an appropriate discourse on the occasion. [Pittsburgh Catholic, Aug. 27.

FOREIGN.

RELIGIOUS RECEPTION IN GALWAY.—The solemn and impressive ceremony of the reception of a religieuse into the Order of the Sisters of Mercy took place on Saturday, at the convent of the Sisterhood, in Galway, presided over by the Right Rev. Dr. M'Evilly, Bishop of Galway, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. Davern, Usher, Duggan, and several other of the local clergy. The young lady received, and on whom the white veil was conferred with all the sacred and befitting solemnities with which the Church delights to honor her ceremonials in the inauguration of those who dedicate themselves to her service, was Miss Eliza Hogan, daughter of the late Michael Hogan, Esq., of Ballinasloe, and sister of Mrs. Carrigan, of Eyre-square, Galway, an estimable lady, whose kindness of disposition and benevolence towards the poor have deeply endeared her to all who know her. The ceremony was gone through in the most solemn and impressive manner, and after the postulant had, with graceful and fervent earnestness, entered on her novitiate, the right reverend prelate admitted her to the Order, with the usual benediction. The religious ceremony having concluded, an elegant *dejeuner* was served in the refectory to the community and the friends of the postulant who attended the edifying ceremony.

RECEPTION IN TULLAMORE.—On the 4th August, in the Convent of Mercy, Tullamore, took place the solemn and imposing ceremony of Reception. The two young ladies received on that occasion were Miss Ellen Jackson, (in religion, Sister Mary John Berehmans,) second daughter of James Jackson, Esq., Tullamore, and Miss Margaret M'Keon, (in religion, Sister Mary Baptist Aloysius,) second daughter of F. B. M'Keon, Esq., Drumshambo, county Leitrim. [Dublin Freeman.

LETTER OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN—THE TEMPORAL SOVEREIGNTY OF THE PAPACY NECESSARY TO THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE HOLY FATHER.—The following letter is from his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, to the clergy of his diocese:

"REV. DEAR SIR: I beg to remind you that the Novena in preparation for the festival of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, will commence on the 6th instant. The devotions will be the same as other years, namely, the Rosary and Litany of the Blessed Virgin, Benediction with the Most Holy Sacrament, and a short instruction on the virtues of the Mother of God, or on some of the eternal truths of the Gospel. The indulgences are the same as at other Novenas. The Prayers for Peace are to be continued until further directions. Peace is not as yet definitely concluded, and Italy is still convulsed. Attempts of the most wicked character are made by revolutionary and secret societies, as well as by wily and infidel statesmen, to rob the Pope of his temporal authority, which is so necessary for the free exercise of his spiritual powers. Were the Pope subject to any other Sovereign, he would be obliged to yield, in the management of the affairs of religion, to the wishes of that sovereign, or undergo continual persecutions, as we learn from the first seven centuries of the Church, when innumerable pontiffs were either martyred by Pagan emperors, or exiled and afflicted even by the Christian rulers of the East and West. Exhort your people, therefore, to pray that peace may be permanently restored, that the enemies of religion may be converted or covered with shame; and that our good and holy Pope may be not only triumphant in his present struggles, but that he may acquire all that power and influence which will enable him to spread the blessings of Catholicity over the world. The Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you. Your devoted servant,

"✝ PAUL CULLEN.

"Feast of St. Peter ad vincula, 1859."

ORDINATION IN CAVAN.—In the Cathedral Church of Cavan on Sunday, August 7th, Messrs. Bernard Sheridan and Hugh Newman were admitted to orders. The grand and imposing ceremony of minor orders was performed by the Right Rev. Doctor Brady, Lord Bishop of Perth, and on the following day (Monday) the Right Rev. Doctor Brown, Lord Bishop of the Diocese, imparted to the two young gentlemen the full powers of the Church in the presence of a large congregation. [Meath People.

CONVERSIONS IN PARTRY.—The Rev. Mr. Lavelle, of Partry, received back into the Church, on Sunday, August 7th, three families consisting of fourteen souls, who, in the hour of starvation, seemed to deny their faith a few years ago. The heads of the families are Thomas Golden, William Staunton, and John Hough. Their abjuration was made in the presence of the densely crowded flock at the foot of the altar, and created the deepest emotion. Let the Irish Church Mission Society look to this. What is it now getting for all its lavished gold? "Converts," returning to Rome. [God speed Father Lavelle in his course. Fighting single handed for the cause of religion below in the wilds of Partry, the return of these erring members of his flock must gladden his zealous heart. How nobly his flock resist the temptations which daily press upon them our readers need not be told. Surrounded by Soupers, lay and clerical, who use every means to seduce them from their faith, coerced by their landlord, Bishop Plunkett, to send their children to Proselytising Schools under the dread of extermination, what wonder if, at last, some of them yielded? Father Lavelle has cause to be proud of the success of his efforts—he must indeed exult when he sees how powerless are gold and earthly possessions to effect aught against the cause of truth.]

CONSECRATION OF THE CHURCH OF KILLURSA.—His Grace the illustrious Archbishop of Tuam, will, on the 15th of August, consecrate the above church. We flatter ourselves with the sanguine hopes, that the respectability of the numbers, who will attend on the occasion, will be an unmistakable evidence of the spirit of Catholicity in Galway. In addition to this the Rev. Peter Conway—the esteemed parish priest—has claims on public appreciation. The patriotic Father Conway deserves well of his people for the great efforts he has made for the short time he has been in his parish. On the church of Killursa we intend writing an article in a few days. The name of Saint Fursey (from whom the church was so called), evokes reminiscences of a holy character. Himself and his brother St. Ultan, were two of Ireland's greatest lights; they brought the lamp of Faith to France and other parts. Those eminent missionaries, their relations, St. Briga of Annadown, and their uncle St. Brendan, cherished a burning, pure love of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Hence it would seem most appropriate to consecrate the Church of Saint Fursey (Killursa) on the festival of the Holy Mother of God. We pity and pray for those who impiously revile the name of Mary; but all Protestants do not act so. It is only the lowest dregs of the spawn of heresy that wickedly abuse us for the veneration we pay to the Blessed Virgin. These hired agents of vice and error must get no countenance. No respectable Protestant sanctions them. The fact that the Rev. Dr. Derry, Lord Bishop of Clonfert, so distinguished a Prelate of the Church, and so true an Irishman, will preach on the occasion, is an additional attraction. [Connaught Patriot.

The Late Count Joseph Theodore Stolberg.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE UNIVERS FOR THE METROPOLITAN RECORD.]

Count Joseph Theodore Stolberg was born in Munster, Westphalia, August 12 1804, and was the son of that fearless convert Count Frederick Leopold de Stolberg, to whom the King of Prussia said, "Monsieur le Conte, I do not like people who change their religion," and he replied, "Nor I either, sire, for I would not have had the trouble to seek out the truth if my ancestors had not been base enough to abandon it." His mother was Sophia Eleanore, Countess of Redern. Joseph was the seventh of nine children who still survive. In 1838 he married Theresa Maria, Countess of Spee, who died in 1850. The following year he married a second time at the castle of Rumillies lez Tournai, Caroline Maria Albertine, Countess of Robiana Borsbeck. He left nine children, all under age.

The Count of Stolberg studied at Munster and at Bonn. Anxious to serve God in a more perfect state he went through the customary ordeal, but finding that he had not the vocation, that he was not called to that condition of life he entered the service of Austria in Hungary, always retaining for his former companions and the entire Order of St. Ignatius the sincerest and most affectionate attachment. He understood many languages, spoke French very well, Italian perfectly, and conversed in Latin with the preceptor of his children. His learning was varied and extensive.

Worthy son of a father who had rendered so much service to the Church by his writings and his example. M. de Stolberg became, in Germany, the promoter, or the auxiliary of all Catholic works and knew how to obtain the respect of infidels as well as believers. He founded and presided over the great "Association of Saint Boniface" which by its missions, schools, books, instructions and assistance extends much aid to Catholics in many places, particularly in those countries where it struggles laboriously against the resources of Protestantism. This position placed him in correspondence with the ex-Emperor, the reigning Emperor, the Archduke and the highest dignitaries of the Empire. He endeavored to procure priests for different localities in Germany and to collect gifts and alms for the building of churches. His zeal was so intelligent and so active that he was enabled to erect several churches. The Count de Stolberg travelled incessantly for the interest of Catholicism, not only in every part of Germany, but also in Belgium, where he went in 1857 to propose a vast confederation for the good cause. He arrived in Brussels shortly after the outbreak of May and as the enemies of the Church wreaked their hatred especially on the religious he gave them proofs of his sympathy and passed his hours of recreation with the Jesuit Fathers, many of whom were his old friends and companions. Subsequently he made many other journeys to Belgium, until this country at last became his tomb. The Count de Stolberg arrived at Tournai on the first of April, left his hotel and set out to pay his first visit to Madame, the Baronness de Cazier, his aunt. It was a day in which the Blessed Sacrament was exposed for the adoration of the faithful in the Jesuit church contiguous to the hotel of the Baronness. There he went in search of his sister-in-law and having adored his Saviour he said to her when they left the church, "We must first address ourselves to our best friend, then we may enjoy each others society." On Sunday, when seeking M'lle Mathilda, he saw in the apartment a work of the Blessed Leonard of Port Maurice, when she entered he said, "Here is an author that ought to be in every Christian household —a good book is always efficient for good."

"What were you reading?" she inquired.

"A passage on conformity with the will of God." They continued to speak of it still finding new beauties in it. In the afternoon he was in high spirits and spoke continually of his wife and children, and the happiness he enjoyed. "I must acknowledge," said he, "that God is too good to me, he has given me a wife that makes me only too happy, a wife with whom I could endure the greatest troubles without being unhappy." The conversation then turned upon a death. "For my part," said he, "it seems to me that I would have no uneasiness if I were called from this world, if I were to die at this moment I believe that I would be perfectly tranquil and content, and you Mathilda?" "Oh, for my part," replied that pious soul, "I would regret nothing but my sins."

"But God is so good"——

"I would even desire to die, but," she continued, "if I had a wife and ten children I think I would not feel the same." Regarding her with a serious expression, this man of faith replied, "No, no, what should I fear? could I have the least inquietude for Caroline and our children? Is not our good God a better husband and father than I? If I die will it not be he who calls me? He will take care of those I leave behind. But if I think thus it is perhaps because I feel perfectly well, for strong as I am I think of death only as something far distant. Nevertheless we ought frequently to reflect upon it."

That evening he did not go to dinner, and his sister-in-law, finding him ill and suffering, remained with him. His patience did not once give way. He prayed continually in a loud voice, and he loved to repeat this pious aspiration, "My Lord and my God have pity on me, may your holy will be praised." Once he repeated these words with an expression of intense pain, his sister-in-law approaching his bed gave him the crucifix to kiss and suggested that other ejaculatory and consoling prayer, "My *Saviour* and my God have pity on me—look on me." Regarding her with a smile inexpressibly sweet he said, "Yes, yes, you are right, Matilda, my *Saviour, our Saviour* and our God have pity on us." From that moment he always repeated this form of prayer.

"Dear Joseph," she said, "you suffer a great deal I fear." "Can we not suffer a little for him?" was his reply. That resignation to the divine will which he had recommended during his life, he exemplified on his death-bed. Meantime the disease made rapid strides, and the physicians judged it advisable that he should arrange his affairs. The Father Superior of the College of Notre Dame, for whom Count Stolberg entertained the warmest feelings of friendship and confidence, and of whom he had frequently spoken during his sickness, arrived late at night, and spoke to him of a novena which they were about to commence for him. Kneeling, he prepared himself for confession. "My dear Joseph, you are very weak," said his sister, "Would you wish that I would make an examination of conscience with you, and thus we will prepare for confession together." He regarded her with an expression of the most fervent gratitude. "Thanks, my good sister; it is not necessary; I have almost nothing to say. I am very tranquil—I am perfectly tranquil." He was accustomed to confess each week, and to communicate still more frequently. Having made his confession, the Holy Viaticum was brought to him, and he asked his sister if she thought he was seriously ill. "I believe you are in danger," she answered, "and it is also the opinion of the doctor." The Count thanked her; then, as if he still had a scruple, he said to the priest, "Father, I am not sufficiently ill." "M. le Conte, the doctor has ordered it." "In the name of God—it is well;" he said, and then, kneeling on his bed, received the last sacrament. At half past three in the morning of the fifth of April he prepared himself still more earnestly for his approaching end. "Let us offer up the sacrifice of our life," prayed his sister. A sign showd that he understood it. Shortly after, she said, "My dear Joseph, the Father Superior will give you general absolution; let us make an act of contrition." He endeavored to answer 'Yes, Math——," he could not finish the name. A little after some one suggested to him this invocation, "Praised be our Lord Jesus Christ." He did not answer. It was repeated still more slowly. "Yes—Amen," were his last words here below. He expired a few minutes after, apparently without pain. His mortal remains were removed to the house of the Redemptorist Fathers, and the following Friday they were interred at Rumillies, in the tomb of his family, beside his mother and sister.

Mgr. de Kettler, Bishop of Maylence, wrote these words shortly after his decease, "let us pray *for* Joseph, and soon we can pray *to* him and invoke him." Mgr. Osnabrucks sent a letter to all his clergy announcing his death and recommending that the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass should be offered up for him. The Provincial of the Jesuits in Prussia has also announced it to all the Fathers of the Society. The general mourning throughout Catholic Germany will also extend to Belgium through the numerous friends of the pious Count and of the noble family with which he was connected.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

GEORGE SAUNDERS' METALIC TABLET RAZOR STROP.—This inimitable article may be obtained of the sole manufacturers, J. & S. SAUNDERS, No. 7 Astor House, and of the various agents throughout the city. s9 6m

AGENCIES.—We have appointed the following Agents for the RECORD, in addition to those already announced:—

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THE FLUSHING RAILROAD CARS FOR CALVARY Cemetery leave Hunter's Point, opposite Thirty-fourth street, East River, at 7, 9:15 and 11 A. M., and 1:30, 4, 6 and 7:30 P. M. Returning, leave the Cemetery at 6:45, 8:10 and 10:15 A. M., and 1:15, 2:45, 5 and 7 P. M., on week days, and on Sundays hourly trains will be run. Fare each way 5 cents. Persons from the lower part of the city can take the steamer Mattano at Fulton Market Slip, at 9, 1, 3:45, 5:45 and 7:30; fare 10 cents.
je25 1y O. CHARLICK, President.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A SELECT PIC-NIC FESTIVAL EXCURSION, (the last of the season,)

For the Benefit of St. Augustine's Church, SING SING,

Will be held by the friends of the Pastor, REV. EDWARD McGEAN, at

Jones' Wood, on September 13th, 1859.

Shelton's Brass Band is engaged for the occasion.

ADMISSION, 25 CENTS.

The magnificent Excursion Boat ERIE, with an extra Cotillion Band, has been chartered to make three trips to the woods during the day, as follows:

First trip will leave 43d street, N. R., at 8 o'clock, A.M.; 30th street, N. R., at 8¼ o'clock; Amos street, N. R., at 8¾ o'clock; Chambers street, N. R., at 8¾ o'clock; and Catherine street, E. R., at 9 o'clock.

Second trip will leave 43d street, N. R., at 11 o'clock, A. M.; 30th street, N. R., at 11¼; Amos street, N. R., at 11¾; Chambers street, N. R., at 11¾; and Catharine street, E. R., at 12 o'clock.

Third trip will leave 43d street, N. R., at 2 o'clock, P. M.; 30th street, N. R., at 2¼; Amos street, N. R., at 2¾; Chambers street, N. R., at 2¾; and Catharine st., E. R., at 3 o'clock.

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Contents.

Melodies from the opera of Lucia di Lammermoor, Donizetti.
"Evening by the Sea Side," (New Song,) Lautenschlaeger
"Come back to my Heart, Love," (Ballad,) Charles W. Glover.
"La Belle Agnes Valse,".....G. Marcaithon.
se8

CITY INSPECTOR'S DEPARTMENT, NO. 1 CENTRE ST. (
NEW YORK, August 26, 1859.)

NOTICE TO UNDERTAKERS, SEXTONS, AND OTHERS.—On and after the first of September next, all undertakers' or sexton's burial permits will be discontinued, and the same can be obtained only at the office of the City Inspector, No. 1 Centre street, and at the office of Dr. CYRUS RAMSAY, No. 101 Second avenue, corner of 5th street.

Ferry-masters, steamboat captains, railroad conductors, express agents, and all other persons receiving burial permits, are requested to return the same to the City Inspector's office on the first day of every month, for the purpose of comparing with the original certificate on file in this office.

Particular attention is called to the following extract of an Ordinance of the Common Council, passed April 23, 1839, which will be strictly enforced:

"No captain, agent, or other person attached to any steamboat, ferry-boat, sailing or other vessel, or to any State railroad, or other conveyances, public or private, shall convey the body of any person who has died in the city of New York, beyond the limits of said city, without a permit from the City Inspector, under the penalty of two hundred dollars for each offence, to be collected from the person or persons so offending, severally and respectively."

To enable the City Inspector to give a permit for the burial or removal of the body of any person who has died out of this city, and been brought here for interment, it will be necessary to produce the certificate of some physician duly authenticated, stating when and where the person died, and of what disease, or the written permission of one of the Coroners, consenting to the giving of such permit.

No charge is made, under any circumstances, for the granting of permits.

DANIEL E. DELAVAN, City Inspector.
CYRUS RAMSAY, M. D., Registrar of Records and Statistics.

N. B.—This notice does not apply to the Calvary Cemetery, who, by special ordinance of the Common Council, are privileged to give permits for all burials in that Cemetery.

se8 DANIEL E. DELAVAN, City Inspector.

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IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER OF the Surrogate of the County of New York, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against HENRY EARLY, late of the City of New York, soap-stone manufacturer, deceased, to present the same with vouchers thereof to the subscriber, at her residence, No. 147 Elm street, in the City of New York, on or before the fourteenth day of November next.—Dated New York the second day of May, 1859.

my7 6m CATHARINE EARLY, Administratrix.

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1. No applications for admission will be entertained by the Committee unless accompanied by a written recommendation from some reliable person, and from the pastor of a church in the parish in which the applicant resides, the latter recommendation being indispensable.

2. Every application must be in writing, and state name of child, age, whether orphan or half orphan, names of parents, place of birth of child, and parents' residence, and must be presented at the Asylum in Prince street.

3. Applications in accordance with the above will be considered by the Committee at their semi-monthly meetings, which take place at the Asylum in Prince street, on the second and last Wednesday of every month at 7 o'clock P. M.

4. Orders for admission will be issued by the Chairman on the day after the meeting at which the application has been approved, and are subject to the medical examination to said order.

5. The number of half orphans that may be admitted in either asylum has been limited by the Board of Managers to a certain number, which the Committee on Admissions and Binding are not allowed to exceed. The surviving parent of any half orphan admitted will be required to sign an agreement expressing the conditions upon which said half orphan is admitted.

6. No orphan can be withdrawn by a relative, unless after approval by the Committee, to whom an application therefor must have been previously submitted, and who will require relative so applying to qualify as guardian according to law.

7. Applications for binding out are to be left at the Asylum in Prince street, and will be acted upon at the time above specified, and in cases of emergency, by the Chairman, during the recess.

8. Children that have left, or been withdrawn from the asylums, cannot be re-admitted.

9. Any further information can be obtained from the Committee, to whom all communications must be addressed at the Asylum in Prince street.

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CHARLES TOAL,
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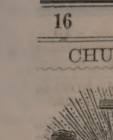

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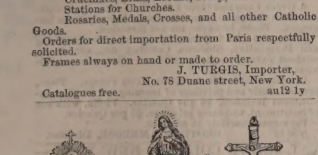

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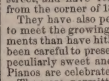
PIANO FORTES.

REMOVAL.
A. H. GALE & Co., PIANO FORTES, MANUFACTORY AND WAREROOMS, No. 105, 107, 109, 111 & 113 EAST TWELFTH STREET, NEAR THIRD AVENUE.
A. H. GALE & CO., HAVE JUST COMPLETED extensive additions to their factory buildings on 12th street, and have removed their entire Establishment from the corner of 13th street and 3d Avenue.
They have also perfected their new Scale Piano Forte to meet the most fastidious taste for more powerful instruments than have hitherto been in use, while they have been careful to preserve, with the additional power, that peculiarly sweet and sympathetic tone for which their Pianos are celebrated.
They are permitted to refer to the several Catholic Institutions of Maryland, Missouri, Louisiana and St. Johns, N. B., whose patronage they have enjoyed, and where their Pianos have been in use.
A. H. G. & Co., respectfully invite the inspection of Artists, Amateurs and the Public generally. my28 3m



ALBERT WEBER, PIANO-FORTE MANUFACTURER, No. 155 West Broadway, New York.
Each Piano is made under the inscriber's personal supervision, warranted of the best material and workmanship, unsurpassed in touch and tone, and sold at the lowest manufacturer's price. These Pianos have met with the most liberal patronage at the Academy of Mt. St. Vincent, St. Mary's, St. Lawrence, N. Y., Sisters of Mercy, St. Helena, Ark., Monastery of Visitation, Mobile, Ala., Academy at St. Michaels, La.; the Rev. Bishop Byrne; also, Dr. Pise, D. D., Brooklyn, &c. &c.
jy30 3m

CHICKERING & SONS, Manufacturers of GRAND SQUARE and UPRIGHT PIANOFORTES.
Warerooms, No. 694 Broadway, New York.
PIANOS MADE TO ORDER,
TO SUIT ANY STYLE OF FURNITURE.
Messrs. C. & Sons have been awarded
THIRTY-FIVE PRIZE MEDALS
for the superiority of their manufacture, exhibited by them at the different Fairs in this country and in London during the past thirty-five years.
Also, for sale, at wholesale and retail,
MASON & HAMLIN'S MELODEONS, HARMONIUMS, ORGAN MELODEONS and ORGAN HARMONIUMS,
for Parlors, Churches, Vestries and Lodges.
Grand and Square Pianos to Rent.
Warerooms in Boston, Tremont street. Warerooms in Philadelphia, No. 1,307 Chestnut street. jy30 3m

UNDERTAKERS.

WILLIAM T. A. HART, SEXTON AND FURNISHING UNDERTAKER, Coffin Warerooms, 297 Bowery.
Livery Stables, No. 295 Bowery.
All orders punctually attended to, day or night. 15 3m

WAREROOMS OF FISK'S PATENT METALLIC BURIAL CASES.
HUYLER & CO.,
FURNISHING UNDERTAKERS,
No. 536 Broadway, near Spring street, New York.
Wood coffins furnished. Undertakers supplied with every requisite for funerals. Fisk's Patent Metallic Burial Cases, air-tight and indestructible, for protecting and preserving the dead for ordinary interment, for vaults, for transportation, or for any other desirable purpose. Prices, adults' size, $25 to $60; childrens' do., $8 to $20. je4 8m

JAMES DOOLEY, SEXTON OF ST. ANNE'S CHURCH, AND UNDERTAKER, No. 8S Fourth avenue, corner of Eighth street, New York. my28 6m

JAMES DOWD, Sexton of St. Francis Xavier Church, and Undertaker, No. 119 Eighteenth street, corner Seventh avenue, New York. 12f 6m

TOBACCO.

JULIAN ALLEN'S CELEBRATED Granulated Smoking TOBACCO is, without exception, the finest article in this or any other country. Also, Fulaski and Bobby Burns SNUFFS. Copyright of the above secured in the United States, 28 years. For sale by all first class Tobacconists, Druggists and Grocers. Retail 10 cents per paper, about fifty cigars in it, and every pipe as good as a Havana cigar.
Depot, 150 Water street, New York. ja29 1y

THE VIRGINIA TOBACCO AGENCY ESTABLISHED IN 1836.
CHARLES M. CONNOLLY & CO.,
No. 45 Water street, New York,
Commission Merchants and Agents for the sale of Manufactured and Leaf Tobacco, solely on Commission.
a28 3m

FURNITURE.

IRON BEDSTEADS, IRON HAT RACKS Iron Store Stools.—Stools put up in stores free of charge. Circulars sent on request. Liberal terms to the trade. JAMES SCOTT, No. 167 Centre, mh19 6m corner Canal street.

ISINGLASS.

PETER COOPER'S REFINED
Sheet and Shred Isinglass,
A PRIME ARTICLE,
Very extensively used for
CALVES-FOOT JELLY,
BLANC MANGE,
TABLE AND
WINE JELLIES,
And for
JELLIFYING PRESERVES.

The Shred, with directions for using, is put up in small packages for family use, and is sold by all the principal Grocers and Druggists throughout the United States.
PETER COOPER,
je25 3m No. 17 Burling Slip, New York.

MEDICAL.

THE GREATEST MEDICAL DISCOVERY OF THE AGE.—Mr. KENNEDY of Roxbury has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures
EVERY KIND OF HUMOR,
from the worst Scrofula to a common Pimple.
Five to eight bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of Kings Evil.
Six to eight bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of Scurvy.
Three to six bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of Erysipelas.
Two to five bottles are warranted to cure running of the ears and breaking out on the head.
Three to five bottles are warranted to cure the worst case of rheumatism.
If proof is required to convince the readers of this paper of the good effect and excellency of this medicine, we refer them to the following beautiful testimonials:

Mr. KENNEDY—DEAR SIR: Permit me to return you my most sincere thanks for presenting to the Asylum your most valuable medicine. I have made use of it for scrofula, sore eyes, and for all the humors so prevalent among children of this class so noted before entering the Asylum; and I have the pleasure of informing you that it has been attended by the most happy effects. I certainly deem your discovery a great blessing to all persons afflicted with scrofula and other humors.
ST. ANN ALEXIS SHORE,
Superioress St. Vincent's Asylum, Boston.

ANOTHER.

DEAR SIR: We have much pleasure in informing you of the benefits received by the little orphans in our charge, from your valuable discovery. One in particular suffered for a length of time, with a very sore leg; we were afraid amputation would be necessary. We feel much pleasure in informing you that he is now perfectly well. SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH,
Hamilton, C. W.

For sale by every druggist in the United States and British Provinces. mh13 1y

THE GREAT WONDER OF THE Nineteenth Century—Professor Wood's Hair Restorative.—Says The St. Louis (Mo.) Democrat: "Below we publish a letter to Dr. Wood of this city, from a gentleman in Maine, which speaks glowingly of the superior merits of his hair tonic. Such evidence must have its effect, when coming from a reliable source. If certificates are guarantees of truth, the Dr. needs no encomiums, nor useless puffery from the press:
BATH, Me., Jan. 20, 1856.

PROF. O. J. WOOD & CO.:
Gentlemen: Having my attention called, a few months since, to the highly beneficial effects of your Hair Restorative, I was induced to make application of it upon my own hair, which had become quite gray, probably one third white; my whiskers were of the same character. Some three months since I procured a bottle of your Hair Restorative, and used it. I soon found it was proving what I had wished. I used it about twice a week. I have since procured another bottle, of which I have used some. I can now certify to the world that the gray or white hair has totally disappeared, both on my head and face, and my hair has resumed its natural color, and I believe is more soft and glossy than it has been before for twenty-five years. I am now sixty years old; my good wife, at the age of fifty-two, has used it with the same effect.
The above notice I deem due to you for your valuable discovery. I am assured that whoever will rightly use, as per directions, will not have occasion to contradict my statements. I am a citizen of this city, and a resident here for the last fifteen years, and am known to nearly every one here and in adjoining towns. Any use you may make of the above, with my name attached to it, is at your service, as I wish to preserve the beauties of nature in others as well as myself.
I am truly yours, A. C. RAYMOND.

BALTIMORE, Jan. 28, 1858.
WOOD'S HAIR RESTORATIVE.
Prof. Wood—Dear Sir: Having had the misfortune to lose the best portion of my hair from the effects of the yellow fever in New Orleans, in 1854, I was induced to make a trial of your preparation, and found it to answer as the very thing needed. My hair is now thick and glossy, and no words can express my obligations to you in giving to the afflicted such a treasure.
FINLEY JOHNSON.

AARON'S RUN, Ky., Nov. 30, 1858.
Prof. O. J. Wood—Dear Sir: I would certainly be doing you a great injustice not to make known to the world the wonderful, as well as the unexpected, result I have experienced from using one bottle of your Hair Restorative. After using every kind of preparative extant, but without success, and finding my head nearly destitute of hair, I was finally induced to try a bottle of your Hair Restorative. Now, candor and justice compel me to announce my honest belief that by using it that I now possess a new and beautiful growth of hair, which I pronounce richer and handsomer than the original was. I will therefore take occasion to recommend this invaluable remedy to all who may feel the necessity of it. Respectfully yours, REV. S. ALLEN BROCK.
P. S. This testimonial of my approbation for your valuable medicine (as you are aware) is unsolicited; but if you think it worthy of a place among the rest, insert it if you wish; if not, destroy it and say nothing.
Yours, &c., Rev. S. A. B.
The Restorative is put up in bottles of three sizes, viz: large, medium and small; the small holds half a pint, and retails for $1 per bottle; the medium holds at least twenty per cent. more in proportion than the small, and retails for $2 per bottle; the large holds a quart, forty per cent. more in proportion than the small, and retails for $3.
O. J. WOOD & CO., Proprietors,
No. 444 Broadway, New York,
and No. 114 Market street, St. Louis, Mo.
And sold by all good Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers. je11 3m

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN BOWES, MANUFACTURER of Plain and Ornamental IRON RAILING,
Balcony, Verandah, Iron Shutters, Vault Doors, Iron Columns, Vault-beams, Girders, and all kinds of Iron Work in general.
All orders executed at the shortest notice.
478 Houston street, one door from Bowery, New York. jy16 1y

REMITTANCES TO IRELAND.—IRISH EMIGRANT SOCIETY, Office 51 Chambers street.
NOTICE.—The recent failures, by which a large amount of bills remitted from this country to friends in Ireland has been returned unpaid, afford to this society the opportunity, and at the same time impose upon it the duty, of informing the public that such losses would have been prevented if the parties purchasing bills had availed themselves of the advantages offered by the Society.
For the purpose of entire protection, a fund is constantly kept on deposit in the Bank of Ireland, against which the Society issues its drafts, payable at sight, (from sums of $1 sterling and upwards) on the Bank and all its branches, and has thereby, for the last ten years, afforded a mode of remittance perfectly safe and unquestionable.
NEW YORK, December 29, 1851.

ANDREW CARRIGAN, President.	
JOHN MANNING, ROBERT J. DILLON, HUGH KELLY,	Vice-Presidents.

EDWARD C. DONNELLY, Corresponding Secretary.
PETER CREBAR, Recording Secretary.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Felix Ingoldsby,	John Nicholson,	William Redmond
William Watson,	Martin Waters,	James Olwell.
John Manning,	Cornel H. Sheehan,	Daniel Devlin,
Terence Donnelly,	Charles M. Nanry,	John McMenomy.

j30 1y The Society's Employment office, 29 Reade st.

CONCURRENT RESOLUTIONS TO amend the Constitution relative to the Judiciary of the State.
Resolved (if the Assembly concur,) That the following amendments be proposed to the Constitution of this State:
From and after the third Tuesday of June, eighteen hundred and sixty, the Court of Appeals shall consist of six Judges, to be chosen by the electors of this State. The four Judges who may then be in office, by previous election or appointment, shall continue to hold until the expiration of their respective terms. On the third Tuesday of May, eighteen hundred and sixty, an election shall be held, at which two Judges of said court shall be chosen, whose terms shall commence on the third Tuesday of June, eighteen hundred and sixty. The term of one of them shall expire in nine years from the thirty-first day of December following, and of the other in eleven years from the same time. At the general election in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-one, and in every second year thereafter, unless the Legislature shall, by law, appoint a different day, one Judge of said court shall be chosen for a term of twelve years from and after the thirty-first day of December, next after such election, to succeed a Judge whose term shall then expire. In case of the absence or inability to serve, of any Judge or Judges, the Governor may appoint one or more Justices of the Supreme Court to serve for the time being.
Section seven of article six of the Constitution is hereby abrogated, and the following provision substituted:
The Judges of the Court of Appeals, and the Justices of the Supreme Court, shall receive, at stated times, for their services, a compensation, to be established by law, and which shall not be increased or diminished at less intervals than one in six years. The provision made for such compensation, by act of the Legislature, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, shall apply to Judges and Justices then in office, as well as those thereafter elected or appointed; the same shall be deemed to have taken effect accordingly from the first day of January, eighteen hundred and fifty-eight.
Section fourteen of article six of the Constitution is amended as follows:
The County Court shall have such original and appellate jurisdiction as the Legislature may prescribe.
Resolved (if the Assembly concur,) That the foregoing amendments be referred to the Legislature to be chosen at the next general election of Senators, and that the same be published for three months prior to such election, pursuant to section one of article thirteen of the Constitution.

STATE OF NEW YORK, IN SENATE, February 10, 1859.
The foregoing resolutions were duly passed.
By order of the Senate,
S. P. ALLEN, Clerk.

STATE OF NEW YORK, IN ASSEMBLY, March 19, 1859.
The foregoing resolutions were duly passed.
By order of the Assembly,
WM. RICHARDSON, Clerk.

CONCURRENT RESOLUTIONS amending the Constitution, so as to abolish the property qualification.
Resolved, (if the Senate concur,) That section one, of article two, of the Constitution of this State be amended by striking out the following words: "But no man of color, unless he shall have been for three years a citizen of this State, and, for one year next preceding any election, shall have been seized and possessed of a freehold estate of the value of two hundred and fifty dollars, over and above all debts and incumbrances charged thereon, and shall have been actually rated and paid taxes thereon, shall be entitled to vote at such election. And no person of color shall be subject to direct taxation, unless he shall be seized and possessed of such real estate as aforesaid."
Resolved, (if the Senate concur,) That the foregoing amendment be referred to the Legislature to be chosen at the next general election of senators, and that, in conformity to section one, of article thirteen of the Constitution, it be published for three months previous to the time of such election.

STATE OF NEW YORK, IN ASSEMBLY, March 28, 1859.
The foregoing resolutions were duly passed.
By order,
S. P. ALLEN, Clerk.

STATE OF NEW YORK, IN SENATE, April 8, 1859.
The foregoing resolutions were duly passed.
By order,
WM. RICHARDSON, Clerk.

STATE OF NEW YORK, OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE.
I have compared the preceding with the original concurrent resolutions on file in this office, and hereby certify the same to be correct transcripts therefrom, and the whole of such original resolutions.
In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal of office, at our city of Albany, this twentieth day of June, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine.
GIDEON J. TUCKER,
jy9 3m Secretary of State.

ATRETAIL, BRIDAL WREATHS and VEILS, FLOWERS, FEATHERS and COIFFURES,
At JAMES TUCKER'S,
Nos. 381 and 539 Broadway, three doors from Franklin street. my28 3m

STEPHEN PHILBIN, GAS FITTING AND FIXTURE WAREROOMS, No. 707 Broadway, corner of eting with PLUMBING ESTABLISHMENT, 26f 1y No. 381 Fourth street.